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A Tale of Passion.

THE COUSINS;

OR,

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY WALTER CLEGG.

I have for years been the sole possessor of a sad story. If any others ever knew it, their lips, which might betray me, have been long since hushed forever. There is no story—no true story,—however sad, or however criminal its details may be, which does not convey a moral. I will tell my tale in as few words as possible. I will soften no fault,—color no sin,—ridicule no excellence: and my readers will not fail to discover where the moral lies.

CHAPTER I.

Two gentle cousins had lived together from earliest infancy. They were a boy and girl, and there was in their ages but a few weeks difference. Every body made much of them, for they were the only sources of smiles in a house, which age and circumstances had rendered cheerless in the extreme. Alice and Herbert were taught to love each other, but there was no need of any artificial teaching

Arthur Stewart, the father of Alice, was a country gentleman of decayed fortunes, and he resided in a small village, pleasantly situated in the west of England. He had known much trouble, and lost large sums of money when most he needed them. Perhaps this had rendered his temper somewhat harsh, and blunted his sensibility for others.

Squire Stewart, for so he was called in the village, once had an only and tenderly beloved sister, named also Alice. I will recount her brief but tragical history. She was discovered to be privately married to a man of station even superior to her own, but one of whom her family disapproved. And well they might, for he was a libertine and a gamester. She did not know this until it was to late to save herself. His professions had won her heart,—she loved him truly,—and they who say that a woman can withdraw an affection once bestowed, when she discovers faults in her lover, speak an idle language. She may sink beneath the cruel blow, but she will die still loving him.

Alice imprudently married. She was tempted when least prepared to resist,—and in a moment of enthusiastic passion, she became a wife. It was necessary to keep the matter a secret, for her husband's affairs were too embarrassed to enable him to receive her. And a secret it remained until Alice was near becoming a mother. Then her proud, enraged, yet almost heart broken father closed his door against her.

Alice still tried to smile—still continued to hope for happiness and a reconciliation some day; for her husband loved her, and had promised amendment. But the news came that he was killed in a duel, and Alice never spoke again. It was the fruit of that visit to the gaming-house which he had sworn should be his last. And so it was.

A few hours after his wife knew the completion of her misery, she gave birth to a child—a weeping boy. She never heard that sweetest music which can break upon a mother's ears—the first cry of her new-born babe,—for ere it had well received its separate existence, she was "an angel in Heaven."

In her last moments her father was summoned to her presence. He refused to obey. Perhaps he did not know she was so ill: it is charity to think so. Arthur Stewart went, knelt at her bed-side, and implored her forgiveness. She could not speak, but she pressed his hand, and he knew what she would say. He vowed a solemn oath, that with his last breath, and his very heart's blood, he would protect her child. The sufferer's head drooped even while he was speaking, but a sweet smile played around her lips. It might be that she heard him,—or it might be, that the immortal spirit, entering a better and a kindor, world, and ravished with its happy and premature freedom, had imprinted that smile,—a last act ere it forsook its fragile tenement!

The brother carried his sister's babe to the home where she had lived all her life, a happy girl. He committed it to the care of his own young wife, who received it with tears, and loved it for its mother's sake. They had been girls at school together; and she had but recently come, a bride to the house, when poor Alice left its shelter.—She joined in the persecution against her then, but she determined to cancel her fault by regarding the child as if it were her own. And she did so, though a very few weeks more, and she was a mother herself.

The father of the dead Alice became involved. The harvest failed, and the money which would have saved him, was not to be wrung from his starving tenantry.—He died a debtor in prison, for there were other hard men in the world besides himself. And many said, and more thought, that it was a judgment upon him, for refusing to comfort his dying child. It might be: I cannot tell.

The wife of Arthur Stewart had some little property, which was her own. With this they now retired to a large but old fashioned house, which indeed was partly ruinous, and once belonged to the lord of the manor.—As I have before stated, it was situated in a pleasant village in the west of England. Here the husband and his wife determined, by frugality, to pass the remainder of their days in ease and contentment; for Arthur was too proud to enter into any business.

And hither the two babes were conveyed. The boy was christened Herbert, his father's name; and the girl Alice, after her dead aunt. They were nutured and nourished together. They slept in the same cot, and fed from the same bosom. Had the mother of Alice been asked which she loved the better, she could scarcely have told. And could the angel mother have looked down from heaven, she would have rejoiced, even in those regions of unfailing bliss, to see her babe so tenderly regarded, and she would have prayed for blessings upon its kind nurse.

When the children were about five years old, Arthur's wife died. She was a fair creature, and had the true soul of a woman. She knew that she was sick unto death, long before the fatal time approached; for her illness was a lingering consumption.

I have known some, thus slowly dying, to be unusually fretful and peevish,—fond of making demands which their sorrowing friends can scarce possibly meet. I believe this state of mind to be, in many cases, a mere symptom and consequence of the disease, and, therefore, not to be censured. God knows, they have enough to disturb the intellect! Must it not be a fearful thing to see the leaves green and bright, stirring perhaps before their very window,—to hear the birds warbling "love on every spray,"—to feel the warm sun shine, and to know that it is bringing health and happiness to thousands of fellow beings, while to them its daily beaming only tells of one day nearer their doom? Perchance the first impressions of a first passion have just been yielded to,—the first vows of love just given, and just treasured!—There is the quick gushing of feeling as of waters from a fount, which has been hitherto concealed, so that none knew of its existence,—a mysterious and delicious life, throbbing in every pulse, and delighting every sense!—Oh! must it not be a fearful thing to know that death is nigh, which cannot be averted,—that it is drawing nearer and nearer every day, whilst the love of life is strengthening,—that the leaves will be just as green, and the sunshine as warm, and the whole world as beautiful, when the fireside place is exchanged for a cold grave?—Must it not be even more terrible to reflect that friends who may weep for them, and bitterly deplore their loss, after a time will dry their tears; and that perhaps even the loved one himself will woo another mate, and seek other pleasures?

When we are inclined to blame a dying fellow-creature for every little thought and word which may appear unkind and unnecessary; let us think on all this.

Arthur's wife was fully prepared for the evil day, because many of her family had sickened in the same manner. She was the only one of three sweet sisters who lived to be wedded. One of them had died the very day which was to have seen her at the altar. So the poor lady thanked God that he had spared her so long.

With every hour of life her love for the children appeared to be increased. She would kiss them, and weep over them, and pray Heaven to bless them, and smile so sweetly when she heard them promise always to love each other.

It seemed as though Herbert claimed the fondest degree of her regard; and a stranger might have said that her own child was neglected. She would clasp him to her bosom and part back the dark glossy curls which clustered round his white forehead; whilst he, who had never another parent, smiled in her face, and wondered what made her cheeks so flushed, and her eye so very bright.

And when the children heard her tell, that she was going away from them,—that she would never come back again, and never see them any more, unless they were good all their lives long,—how they would kneel at her bed-side, and sob as if their little hearts were breaking! They wondered why their mother must leave them, when she loved them so much. And when the poor lady told them that she was only going to a long sleep, then they wondered more why she should be taken away from them at all, and why they might not watch her as she slept, and make no noise, and be so quiet that none should find fault with them.

So the lady died. Nobody could tell the moment when her spirit escaped. She dropped into a quiet sleep; and they sat beside her, hoping that she would wake refreshed, and live at least through the night; but she never woke again. Her arm when she died was clasping the pale-faced boy, who scarcely breathed, least he should disturb her; and they took it away when it had become rigid, and was chilling round his body.

'Twas strange that he should have received her last thoughts, and that her last kiss should have been on his lips. Perhaps it was a waywardness peculiar to her disease; perhaps it was because she would so soon meet his mother.

CHAPTER II.

When these things happened, the cousins were just five years old. They loved like brother and sister, and the feeling grew with their years. They never quarrelled; and Alice would leave her merriest friends and the gayest parties, to ramble with Herbert through the green lanes, and beside the sweet-smelling hedges. She had no secrets from her cousin. And the little boy had neither want nor wish, joy or grief, in which Alice did not participate.

Arthur Stewart smiled to see this attachment between the children. It seemed never to occur to him, that every year which passed away hastened the time when they would be children no longer. If he had thought of this, surely he had been wiser. He would have perceived that the infant passion, matured by years, must either be a blessing or a curse too them. But he thought little of such matters. If a troublesome idea did cross his mind, he smiled at what he considered his over solicitude; and set it down that there was "plenty of time for training them yet."

Since his wife's death, he had given himself much up to study, and allowed the children to be constantly with servants; and there they heard that they were "made for each other;" and Herbert was told that he must always take care of Alice, and never let her leave him. Then the handsome boy would frown to be schooled, and reply that he had "promised this over and over again to his lady mother, when she was so ill."

After a time a governess was engaged. She was an accomplished, well-meaning female; and indeed her charges soon did her great credit, for they became forward in their learning, considering their years. But she had them in no manner of restrait; she loved them, she said, too well to interfere. And the father of Alice trusted entirely to the governess, and was quite satisfied to know that they were well.

So, between the two, the cousins were much neglected. They were always free, and always together. Often they wandered over the fields and wood-walks the live-long day, "in quest of adventurers," as Herbert said, and no alarm was felt at home, for all the villagers knew them. When wearied, they might have been seen to lie down beside the stream which divided the meadows, and spend long time in fruitless wonderings as to where it came from. Then they vied in counting the pebbles which reposed at the bottom, or set harebells afloat, and watched them carried farther and farther away until overwhelmed by the tiny waves, and when the evening came, merry even in their weariness, they arrived safe at home, loaded with wild fruits and flowers.

At ten years of age, Alice was the favorite of the village. I will not now say much concerning her beauty; she was a simple laughing girl, gentle, and tender of conscience even to the extreme. Her cheeks were rosy,—the picture of health; her hair, seldom confined by a bonnet, flowed over her shoulders in long, flaxen ringlets, and her eyes, beaming with spirit and intelligence, were of the deepest blue. But, more than all, this Alice had the kindest heart in the world; and the cottagers may still tell how she begged relief for them from the hard Squire, when the winters were long and no work was to be had.

So everybody loved her—the old folks and the rustic children too. For the little girl had no idea that she was born or better favored than the merry playmates. At the games on the Green she was the gladdest of them all. And how proud was Herbert when the bright May-day mornings broke, and Alice was always the queen; and how well she did become the wreaths of mimic royalty! Strangers who passed through the village on that day stopped and blessed her; and many prayed, as they looked upon her smooth and fair brow, that the hand of sorrow might never press it more heavily than did her coronal of new-plucked roses.

In the summer-time it was the delight of the children to seek the shelter of a thick, leafy bower, once a secret retreat and celebrated peculiarity of the manor-house gardens; for it was so contrived that a stranger standing outside would never suspect a recess within, and, indeed, would never recognize it from neighboring bushes. This had always been a favorite haunt. In the green shades around them the birds of song warbled their gayest notes, and the flowers springing from the mossy turf beneath their feet, lavished their sweetest odors. Here they sat for hours, and conned their tasks, and when the pleasant labor was completed, they might have been seen to lay their cheeks together, and, with ringlets intertwined, watch the glimpses of blue sky which glittered fitfully above them when the breezes stirrid their leafy canopy.

Thus swiftly flew the days of childhood. Herbert often told her tales of what he would do when he became a man and she his wife! and Alice heaved her little bosom and wondered at the story. And she thought to herself and vowed in her own heart, that, whatever a wife might mean, she would always love her cousin, and be to him as she had ever been. Then she sighed, and said she did not like to hear Herbert talk to her in that way, "for were they not happy enough?"

And indeed they were. Had they been sinless babes in the garden of Eden, they could not have been happier

CHAPTER III.

It would have done your heart good to have seen Alice Stewart when eighteen summers had passed over her head; for I verily believe she was the most beautiful of all God's creatures. None would have recognized the merely pretty child, in the woman of exquisite loveliness. I lately saw the portrait of her taken at that age, but it utterly failed to delineate either the sweetness of her features or the degree of mental sensibility stamped upon them.

Her figure was, perhaps, rather tall, but slight, and of the most delicate mould. All the boisterous gayety of the child was gone; and though Alice was still happy—happier than ever—her face wore a mild and half pensive expression. But this made her ten times more charming! Who could be in her presence long, without feeling how beautiful she was? Many sighed for her, and strove for a long time to pluck from their bosom the lovely image which had disturbed their peace. Poor Alice! she heard hints of these things, and a shade passed over her spirits. She thought how silly it was for any, but one to fall in love with her.

I have not attempted to describe her to the reader, for I am wise enough to avoid such an exposure of my weakness. I will merely say that the flaxen ringlets of childhood had given place to tresses of the richest brown, and these finely contrasted with a forehead lofty and white as marble. Then that blue eye!—what a depth of concealed thought and feeling did it not speak! How hard was it to meet its full gaze! Those best versed in the study of female faces would have said that a spirit capable of the most extreme intensity of passion lurked below. But none said so of Alice. She had always been mild and gentle—of an even and unruffled temper. Nobody ever remembered a frown upon her face.

It was feared, for a long time, that her mother's disease had already crept into her bosom; for her cheek, unusually pale and fair, became flushed upon the slightest excitement. At these times her father trembled, for just so her mother had looked, and cheated him into a belief that the glow of health was returning, whilst all the time a fatal hectic consumed her.

But, though thus changed in form, and a child no longer, she was Alice still. Still that mysterious chord vibrated in her heart, which had been touched even in babyhood; and the love of a sister had only been exchanged for a deeper and a more absorbing passion. Herbert was all the world to her. She looked on him as already her own. She smiled, and felt even grateful for the praises which all lavishly bestowed upon her charms, because he would love her more for her beauty. And she experienced a secret ecstacy in anticipating the time when she might surrender to him every thought and desire of her heart, and have a will of her own no longer. This blissful period the lovers now fondly hoped was drawing nigh; and the letters of Alice addressed to Herbert, who had been for some time in London, breathed the fulness of her confiding heart. She did not effect to conceal even her inmost feelings, but impatiently lamented the tardy away of the few more months which both had upon as the extreme interval which must elapse ere they might meet again.

And Herbert, for whom the (so-called) facinations of London had no charm, pined to be permitted to return to the gentle girl, from whom he had never, until lately, been separated for a single day. But then he consoled himself, by thinking of the rapturous happiness which awaited him, when the time of probation was completed—when Alice, in all her youthful loveliness and devotion, would take upon herself the vows of a wife, and wholly dedicated to him, the companion of her infancy. Herbert was now a manly and handsome youth, and though but the same age as Alice, he looked older by three or four years.

I will not tell the reader why the lovers had been separated.

The father of Alice, as was before stated, on the death of his wife, betook himself to severe study; and in this he did wisely; for there is nothing more potent in dismissing the sharpest distresses of the mind. He employed himself in antiquarian researches; and after the lapse of a years published some volumes, which did him, and still do him great credit.

Thus engaged, it is no wonder that he had little time to attend to his youthful charges; and it was not until they had passed their fifteenth year, that he thought it time to make some arrangements concerning "the children." With their education he was fully satisfied; but he remarked they were both poor, considering what the former heads of the family had been. And Arthur Stewart thought very justly, that a fortunate marriage might secure the elevation each.

He also considered himself pretty deeply skilled in the philosophy of human nature. At first he thought it possible that there might be some "little attachment" between the young couple. But on further reflection, Arthur saw the folly of his supposition. "For," said he to himself, "the very circumstance of their being so intimate in childhood,—like brother and sister,—will now, on the approaching years of discretion, be the very occasion of preventing any feeling of a more tender nature from warming their bosoms." And he congratulated himself upon his sagacity, when he observed all childish familiarities were abandoned; and when, upon closely watching them,—that is, watching them at the stated times of their family meeting,—he could detect nothing in their behavior, but the strictest propriety. Once, indeed, Herbert kissed her in his presence, as he was formerly accustomed to do hundreds of times a-day; but on that occasion, Alice had blushed deeply, and certainly given the youth no encouragement to repet the liberty. So, like all superficial philosophers, who never judge correctly, because they never search deeply enough Arthur Stewart was perfectly satisfied that there was no danger of any impolitic affection springing up between the cousins. He therefore returned to his antiquarian researches, and they were left to themselves.

But neither in thought, nor word, nor deed, were they less attached than they had ever been. A new feeling, it is true, had driven away a host of childish imagining, but it was a feeling which bound them to each other by a three-fold cord. Alice understood the secret which had so often puzzled her in times gone by, and Herbert discovered the full and delightful meaning of his oft repeated stories. They still constantly rambled together; they read the same books, ay, and thought the same thoughts: for I verily believe, if ever two disserved bodies possessed a single mind, the unison was in those cousin lovers. Of course their conversation most frequently turned upon that sweet relationship which they should shortly bear to each other. Alice would rest the cheek of her lover upon her glowing bosom, and gazing fondly into the face raised towards hers, smile at the bright visions of happiness which he so loved to tell, and she to hear: and anon she kissed his clear forehead, and called herself the happiest girl in existence! And who will blame them?

One evening Arthur Stewart overheard their conversation. They were seated at an open window—confined to the house by the thick dews which were spread upon the grass. Herbert had been lamenting his ignorance of any useful profession; and Alice, in a strain of sweet sophistry, was showing him, that he ought not to desire that, which never could be useful to him.

"We have," said she, "always lived here, in this old house, and wanted for nothing. We cannot, I am sure, find a sweeter spot; and there is no reason why we should leave it. We will stay here all our lives, dear Herbert, and make it, as Tom Moore says,—'a bright little isle of our own!' My father, I know will be delighted to see us happy, and we will speak to him about it all in good time. How very kind he is to us! I went into the study just now with a letter, and he asked me what had put my hair so much out of curl. And I was obliged to tell him, it was all the dampness of the weather,—which you know was a fib, Herbert—but not a very great one, I hope." Then Herbert drew the smiling face of the girl to his breast, and kissed her. And her father saw with amazement that there was no blush upon her cheek,—that she even returned the familiarity! And as he passed from the room unobserved, he muttered his sorrow that one so young could be so deceitful.—Poor Alice! she never even imagined deceit in her heart.

The next day, Arthur Stewart summoned his daughter and nephew to his study. It was an unusual circumstance, and they went together, hoping that their only friend had some pleasant scheme to communicate respecting that event, which, in their opinion, it was high time to consider.

The truth was, he had resolved to send Herbert on a visit to London, under pretence of seeing a little. And, indeed, this was highly necessary, for he was quite a child in the usuages of the world.

In the meantime, Alice was also to be introduced to the gayeties of fashionable society,—to spend a season in Bath. A lady in the neighborhood, whose age had better not be hinted at, had frequently proposed taking her thither, and had assured her father, that the mere circumstance of Miss Stewart being under her protection, was certain to obtain for her the attention and friendship of the very first families of the city. And, indeed, she was right,—taking her words in a sense different to that intended. She knew well that her own connection with a lovely creature, who would be the fairest star among the many who shine in the Bath assemblies, would certainly secure to herself attentions and smiles, from those who were never attentive or lavish of their smiles before. And she had ample opportunities of verifying her supposition.

These, therefore, were the arrangement, which, after a sleepless night, Authur Stewart had resolved upon. He made no doubt, that, as all things under the sun are fading and fleeting, his daughter would soon forget her "silly girlish fancies." And Herbert, when admitted into London society, must, in an incredibly short space of time, cease to remember his country cousin.

The youthful lovers were much surprised at the tidings which awaited them. But Herbert secretly rejoiced; for he was only to leave Alice for a short time, and he felt the propriety of a separation until their ages were somewhat more matured. Alice strove hard to restrain herself before her father, but in vain. She wept bitterly, and wondered what she should do when Herbert was gone, and implored her father at least not to send her from home. But her entreaties were denied.

So the lovers parted, repeatedly vowing to correspond constantly, and "never let a week pass without a letter from one or the other." The assurances of Alice on this point were heard by her father, who however offered no opposition. "For," thought he, "if I command her to the contrary, she will perhaps disobey me, through mere perverseness, and a spirit of contradiction. Girls are sometimes very headstong. So I'll let them write; but they'll soon get tired of it."

Then Arthur Stewart returned to his studies, still congratulating himself upon his intimate acquaintance with human nature.

CHAPTER IV.

When Herbert had been nearly twelve months in London, he one morning received a note bearing the well-known handwriting of Alice. He broke the seal, and read:—

"My dearest Herbert,—

"You must come to me directly. Something has happened which I cannot tell you in a letter, for my hand could not have patience to write it, even to you. But it concerns your happiness, dearest, and mine also: so don't delay one hour. "Your own "Alice."

On the afternoon of the day, Herbert was within sight of the village church, and a sudden turning of the road revealed Alice coming with hasty and trembling steps to meet him. She flew into his arms and sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

What could all this mean? I will let Alice speak for herself.

A rich man,—a Baronet,—an intimate friend of her father's, and more than double her age, had offered her his hand. She had dismissed him with a kind word, and a wish for his happiness. She had even condescended to tell him that she was already engaged. But he had returned with his proposals, and backed, too, by a powerful ally: her father; command her to wed him!—The weeping girl here dried her tears, for indignation swelled in her bosom, and flashed from those eyes which had ever beamed with modest gentleness.

Two hours after this the lovers met again. Herbert had been closeted nearly the whole of that time with Arthur Stewart. And when he sought his cousin, she almost sank to the ground on seeing the wildness of his eye and the paleness of his countenance. But what did Alice feel when his own lips announced that "every vow must be forgotten,—that he gave up all claim to her,—that she was free!" Free! how the word stabbed to her very heart.

"Alice," said he, "your father's family was always great and rich. Misfortunes have visited it, and its former honors are nigh forgotten. He is the last representative, and you are his only child. I am poor. I can do nothing to enrich you, for I have not a penny in the world. Sir George Archer offers you his hand and all his fortunes. Your father has told me so: and he asked me, if I could throw myself in the way, and offer hindrance to your promotion in life—to your comfort, to your happiness, and to your becoming possessed of——"

"And has my father dared to ——"

"Alice!"

"Oh! Herbet, forgive me! I know not what I say! But could he talk of advantages which would accure to me, and of my happiness, as reasons why you should desert me? But you will not! Say you will not! And don't look so terrible upon me! Hear me Herbet! I swear by the great God in Heaven that I will die,—die a thousand times over,—rather than——"

"Alice, listen to me. I have to often and too long forgotten my position in this house. We have been together all our lives,—we have been brought up as brother and sister,—treated in all things alike. This has made me cease to remember that I am but a poor dependent on your father's bounty,—that he is under no obligations to keep me in his house,—that I have no right to demand his assistance, and ought not to expect it, unless I am prepared in all things to yield to his wishes.

"I had forgotten this; and to-day, when I dared to reproach him with dividing ties which had bound us for years, he reminded me of it all; he spoke of a viper which he had cherished in his bosom:—of the punishment with which Heaven visited a disobedient child—and of the more fearful punishment with which it would visit him, who taught the child to disobey!

"Alice, we have loved very dearly! Your mother taught us to pray that we might always be true to each other; and we have repeated that prayer even until now. Like nest birds we have grown up together, and there who never hinted at our disunion in after life, will have much to answer for. But you shall obey your father, Alice. You shall be rich and great, and I will pray, oftener for you than for myself, that you may be happy! And in Heaven, Alice, "where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage,"—in Heaven, our souls may be reunited, and we may live again the happy hours of childhood, and be never parted any more for ever!" Alice heard not his last words. A death-like faint had saved her heart from breaking.

Was Herbet right or wrong in this matter! I think he was wrong.

CHAPTER V.

So it was reported through the village that Alice was going to be wedded, but not to her cousin. And many wept who heard it. The London newspapers spoke of an approaching marriage in high life:—"the wealthy Sir George Archer, Bart., was shortly to lead to the altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss Stewart, only daughter of Arthur Stewart, Esq., a member of the best and oldest family in ——shire."

No doubt many read it and thought of the fortunate bride!

Herbet had returned to London. Sir George having been informed something of his history, and pitying "the poor boy," procured him a highly confidental Government appointment in one of the Colonies. Herbet accepted it, but he knew not by whose recommendation he had been benefitted. He was now only waiting for a vessel to convey him to the regions of voluntary exile. He struggled hard to repress terrible thoughts, and to think that Alice might still be contented and happy. And he only wept when the remembered that she would never see his grave.

And what of Alice? She was never known to utter a word of misery,—never seen to weep a tear. When she met her father she was respectfully obedient, but she spoke to him no more with a daughter's love. She confined herself to her own room and stired not out; for every green leaf and every blade of grass brought a new thought of Herbet, and another bitter remembrance.

I cannot tell how she was changed. Beautiful she was still, but it was a dreadful kind of beauty. Every vestage of color had left her cheeks. They were white "as monumental marble." Perhaps it was on this account that her eyes looked larger, and the full liquid blue seemed almost deepened into black. Or could it be that the dark thoughts of her brain had effected the change?

But however it was, the sweet gentless of face, and mind and manner, which had once charactized the girl, were gone. Evidences of sorrow did not rest upon her features but they were almost hidden by an expression of proud contempt. She had been "insulted, basely,—grossly insulted,—treated as worse than a child, and allowed no will of her own! Her heart had been torn and lacerated in the most wanton manner, and the innocent feelings and desires which she had cherished all her life, outraged and despised!" Oh! deeply did she feel these cruelties! She, too,—who had never borne ill will to a single living creature!

Woman's love has been termed "a fearful thing." And so it now appeared in her. Her white lips quivered with suppressed passion when she thought upon her wrongs, and in waking hours, and in troubled sleep, she was possessed with one idea only, and that was of revenge. But upon whom was she to be revenged; and what could she, a poor, helpless, heart-stricken creature, do?

One evening, about a week previous to the day fixed upon for her wedding, Alice left the house for the first time. She walked into the village. Many met her who knew her well, but few were bold enough even to say—"God help you, Miss Alice!" At the village post-office she left a letter carefully sealed, and hastily returned home. Of course, that letter was for her cousin, and many will blame her when they hear its contents.

"My dearest Herbert,—

"Will you refuse to speak to me once? I entreat you by every remembrance of the past, not to deny me.—They tell me I am to be married on Thursday,—this day week. But on Tuesday,—at midnight,—at our old trysting spot, in the garden, you will once more meet.

"Your lost "Alice."

CHALTER VI.

There were mighty preparations making at the old manor house for the wedding: and the last day but one had arrived. It also passed away, and the wearied domestics retired to rest.

At the hour of midnight, a female had drew back the heavy bolts of the outer door, which led into the most lonely part of the gardens. That hand did not once tremble.

It was dark—too dark to see the face of who was abroad at such a time, but a human heart might have been heard beating with a strange wild impulse.

Alice stepped out upon the damp grass. She was closely wrapped in a fur mantle. A covering for her head had been forgotten, and the long dishelved tresses, which reached below her waist, and but just left the delicate profile of her face visible, formed her only protection from the night dews which were fast falling.

In a few moments an arm was silently placed round her waist. Alice burst into a flood of tears; they were the first she had shed since her parting with the dear friend, upon whose shoulder her head now sunk.

They sat down in the secret recess. Even when the sun was shining, there was a dark gloom there,—how dark it was now! Alice lay in the arms of her lover, and she trembled violently; but it was not with fear.

Now came the last entreaties,—the last hope of the unhappy girl. And now came, too, the spirit's fearful struggle between passion and principle in the breast of Herbert,

She clung round his neck, and on her knees besought him to save her. She reminded him of their unnumbered vows of eternal constancy, breathed even in that very spot. Was he "not carrying his notions of duty and honor too far in forgetting them and abandoning her? Was he right in leaving her to bear the name of a wife when her soul abhored the relationship;—when she would never even try to love her husband,—never call him by that name,—never consider it her duty to yield him obedience;—when she would even tell him with her own lips, and care nothing if the whole world knew it, that she loved another, and was only true to her marriage 'vows,' because he had falsely deserted her!"

And then she reminded him of the fireside home he had so often pictured to her;—of the coming years to which he had looked forward with untold delight, and, which would still come, but only to find them in their graves; or worse still, to behold them living without hope,—alone in a dreary world!

Herbert spoke not a single word,—deep groans alone told what his soul suffered. He felt that he was firm while he was speechless, and he dared not attempt to parley with her.

Then the weeping girl, taking courage from his silence renewed her entreaties.

"Herbert, dearest! why may I not fly with you now,—this very hour? I have come prepared to do so! I never anticipated a refusal! I have even left a letter for my father, excusing my disobedience! Let me go with you to your foreign home, and be your wife in spite of them all! We will still love as we have always done; your own Alice will still be with you, and the blissful anticipations of past times shall be accomplished! I will live on your smiles all the day, and rest your head in my bosom at night! Herbert! will you leave me to submit to the will of another,—to a fate worse, far worse than madness? Let me follow you,—follow you the world over, to beggary, poverty, death, if God wills it so!—Oh! if you have ever loved me as friend, cousin, brother, lover! do not forsake me! do not refuse to save me!"

And Alice grew wild with misery. Some will say but she had forgotten her womanly dignity; perhaps she had. She beat her bosom in an agony of passion, and pressed his hand to her heart, when her own failed to restrain its almost bursting impulse. And when the violence of her emotion checked further utterance, her lips clung to his, and her breath went and came in thick convulsive sobs.

But still Herbert was silent, for the reproaches of her father rung in his ears. "What right had he—a mendicant,—to teach disobedience to her who was beside him? What right had he to throw himself, a shadow, in her path to comfort,—an obstacle to impede her advancement toward wealth and dignities?" And then, when he could no longer withstand the wild beseechings of his poor Alice, he thought of the "viper,"—that was the name,—"repaying the mercy of its preserver with base ingratitude." And thus he steeled his heart, and he attempted no reply. She felt his meaning; and hope froze within her heart.

I have spoken of many sorrows, of many sufferings, but I now come to the most afflicting part of my story.—Would to heaven I could blot out of my mind and memory the sad events which must occupy this page! Would to God that Alice Stewart had trusted not in her own strength, but sought solace in her heart-breaking trials, from a source which ever affordeth help to them that ask it! How shall I sully characters hitherto unspotted?—How tell the story of shame?

The time came when they who had been inseparable all their lives long, must be parted forever. The excitement of uncertainty was gone,—the "last hope shivered," and Alice could only pray Heaven to have pity on her, and let her die there, with his arms around her. And at length, even her lips ceased to murmur, and the wild palpitations of her heart only told that life remained.

Herbert would have flown the spot, but her arm still detained him. Though weak as a solitary reed trembling in an autumn wind, to him it was as iron. He was powerless beneath its pressure. So he lingered, and lingered, for if he went, it must be never to return; and he contented himself with every moment vowing that the next should witness their last farewell.

My pen cannot proceed further. The Great Being who is omniscient, only knows their disgrace.

CHAPTER VII.

I would fain urge that the passion of early years thus rising to madness at the moment of eternal separation, might plead for them. But God forgive me if I blame Alice as the more guilty! A burning love for him,—a burning thirst for vengeance on those who had driven madness into her brain, and hope from her heart,—a woman's soul within her, proud and lofty, yet oppressed by a sense of shameful wrongs—what should she not premedate! If it were revenge, it was such revenge as a woman only could have devised! If it were love for an image she was about to lose forever, it was such love as could only have entered a woman's heart!

Alice! I trust I wrong thee! But was it wise or well, when the morning broke, to defer thy wedding,—to feign an illness which existed only in the mind? Was it wise or well to meet him again and again, at midnight, in the concealed bower, when all thought he was far away on his voyage?

The final adieu came at last; and the next morning Alice stood at the altar. She was pale, very pale; but all who knew her wondered at her firmness and at her haughty bearing. They expected to have seen her supported through the mockery of the "holy rite," but she stood by the side of her wooer, and appeared even taller than usual.

When Alice left the church, her face bore an expression which none dared to look upon a second time, and which human words fail me to define.

CHAPTER VIII.

I have told the history of Alice from the time she was a little girl. Now she was a great and rich lady.

Arthur Stewart deplored the unhappiness which he had occasioned; "but," said he, "I am her father, and it was my duty to have her welfare at heart. I have only done what any other father would have done." And, then, when his conscience whispered something concerning a solemn oath sworn at his dying sister's bedside, when Herbert came into the world, he would again reply, "I have saved the boy from marrying a poor girl. It is true, they might have lived in the old house, as I have always done, upon the property of her mother, which, in truth, belongs to Alice; but, then, he is handsome, and of good family, and the society in which he moves will afford him many opportunities of doing better, and wining a rich wife." And Arthur Stewart thought it was a blessing, that the children had fallen under such good guardianship; it was a singular manifestation of the care with which Providence watches over mankind!

Sir George treated his wife with the greatest kindness It is due to him to say this. But from her he never had a word of love, or of friendship, or even of gratitude. It might be said that they lived together—that was all. She had been down on her knees to him, before their marriage, to tell him her story, and to beg him to take pity on her, but he had turned a deaf ear to her prayers, and told her it "was time to put away childish things." It was strange she should keep up her resentment so long! But Sir George felt assured that time would make her a different woman, and in the interval he took to drinking, and followed the hounds.—Those sports, however, did not exactly suit his comfort or convenience, for he had usually resided in town, and a severe fall from his horse strengthened his original distate for them. So he got a seat in parliament.

Alice never went abroad. Her chamber was sacred to her sorrows; the servants even disliked to enter it.—They loved their poor young mistress dearly, for they all knew her story. And when she did speak to them tho' it was but seldom, her words were always kind, and she thanked them for the slightest offices.

It would made the heart of the hardest bleed to have seen the mute wretchedness of that poor girl. Her pulses seemed to beat without life. She would sit almost motionless the whole of the day, with her thin white fingers pressing her forehead; and she had not a soul to speak to her.

Sometimes, from a secret drawer a book was selected, and she sat down to read it. She kept all the books that she and Herbert had read together, in that drawer, no strange hand ever touched them. There were many love stories, and she often came to passages which they had marked, either because they admired the language, or because it expressed the feelings of their own hearts. And when her eye met these, the tears came, and Alice thanked God then. This was the only source of relief she had and when her brain felt oppressed and her temples throbbed so that her sight was nearly gone, she always opened her secret drawer.

The first time Alice smiled after her marriage was one evening when she was alone. It was well no human eye saw her. For a moment there was a burning cheek, and quick flashes of triumph from her eyes, and then the lids closed, tears forced their way, and her chin fell upon her bosom.

Alice had discovered "a living pulse" beating beneath her heart. And she knew its meaning.

From that time new life, and new hope seemed to possess her. Thoughts passed through her mind which I may not repeat.

CHAPTER IX.

The bells rung a merry peal, and there was a general

holiday in the village, when the lady of Sir George Archer brought him an heir,—a lovely child.

But danger hovered round the mother. She knew not when her babe first saw the light, for she was raving and delirious. Before her confinement slight evidences had been observed of the mania sometimes attending her condition, but it soon increased, and she became so violent that they were obliged to put her under severe restraint.

She talked strange things, too, so that those who listened to her looked in each other's faces, and became frightened. But the doctor said this was common in her *disease*, and they *must* take no notice of what she said He ordered that neither friend nor stranger should enter her apartment, but the nurses already engaged; and after a time he had her removed to a distant part of the house, and the crevices of the doors were carefully covered and padded, "for," said he, "the noises and bustle of the house may disturb her."

The madness of the puerperal state is peculiar for its frequent *apparent* intermissions. The maniac becomes subdued, quiet, and seemingly harmless, so that the evil spirit might be supposed to have suddenly gone out of her, and left her in her right mind. But the truth is, that at this time she is probably more insane than at any other.

Alice one day asked for her child. She had been raving furiously, but she now made her request in so subdued and gentle a tone, that the nurse thought "it might perhaps do the poor soul good to have it, for a little while." But scarcely had she placed it in its mother's arms, before she remembered how constantly she had been warned against yielding to such an entreaty. Terror seized her, and she would have recovered the infant. But her over-anxiety was fatal. Alice shrieked with laughter, and *in a few moments it was dead in* her bosom.

Many months passed away, and after lying long in a state of weakness nigh unto death, the senses of the childless mother returned. Her first solicitude was respecting her infant, and she made signs that he should be brought, for she had not strength to speak. They were prepared for this demand, and had determined not to break the truth to her until she could better sustain the news of its death; *how* it had died she was never to know.

So they brought her a babe, and she caught it to her bosom and covered it with kisses, and her tears fell like rain.

But a cold shudder ran through all who were at her bedside, when they perceived that she was holding it almost at arms' length, and regarding it with a strangely wild and and suspicious gaze. She drew it nearer,—she peered breathlessly into its eyes, and felt the silken hair upon his head. A second and a third time she intently examined every feature. And when Alice raised her pale face, with a look which none could misunderstand, they fell on their knees,—they implored her forgiveness, and told her that her child had been long in the grave.

Alice summoned her dying powers, and uttered a few words. Her last request was that her babe might be taken from the vault where it was deposited, and laid with her in the churchyard of the village in which her girlhood had been passed. She then closed her eyes, and while her lips were moving in prayer, her injured spirit escaped.

One who bent down to listen what words she uttered, reported that, though he could only distinguished a faint —a very faint whisper, she was speaking of some friend, —he could not catch the name,—who had "told her of a meeting, 'where there was neither marrying, nor giving in ——.'"

Alice was herself an angel in Heaven before she could complete the sweet passage. Deeply had she erred; I will not deny that. But there was one above who knew how sore she had been tempted, and who knew also the weakness,—the utter helplessness of humanity.

So in a few days more, a long line of mourning carriages, and a hearse with nodding plumes, attracted the cottagers to their doors, and they heard that it was poor Alice Stewart come back to them. And when the burial of the dead was ended, and the mourners began to leave the grave side, they crowded round, and tears of honest sorrow fell upon the coffin, from eyes which had seldom wept before.

Many years afterward,—I can scarcely tell how many, it might have been eighteen or twenty,—a stranger was early one morning found dead in the churchyard. He had died a violent death, but his own hand was his murderer. The circumstance made a great noise at the time, for such a thing in the secluded hamlet had never been heard of before. He was dressed richly, and appeared to be scarcely arrived at the prime of life. His complexion was sun-brunt, as if he had been long in foreign countries; but his features were calm and placid.

When the body was first found, his lips were pressed upon the cold turf of a grave. Perhaps this was accidental,—or it might been he knew something of those who slept below. But the majority thought this latter supposition impossible; for they had been buried many years, and the wounds of a death-broken friendship must have healed long before. A tablet of white marble at the head of the grave, told that it was sacred to the memory of Alice,—also "to a child who died in infancy."

SALES OF PIG IRON.

The Pittsburg *Post* says, upon the occasion of the recent visit of Gen. Taylor to this city, the "Iron Masters," as our readers will remember, embraced *the opportunity*, to whisper in the ears of the credulous old man a most dismal tale in relation to the awful "ruin" that has been produced by the Tariff of 1846. They made a report, in which they stated that sales of "good pig iron are made at $20 per ton." This statement was copied into the columns of the *Post*, and produced an item from the columns of the same paper, of the same date, reporting a sale of 196 tons of Clinton (*H. R. C. b.*) metal at $27, 6 mos." Thereupon the Federal prints alledged that the sale in question was of a *superior article of* pig metal and that $20 was the actual selling prices as stated by the "Masters," in the American of Tuesday we find the following under the head of "general review of the markets," to which we respectfully call the attention of Zachary Washington:

Pig Iron.—The long continuance of low water has brought what little metal on hand into market, and we have the following sales since our last:—150 tons Buchanan at $35, 6 mos. to Wheeling; 102 tons *Mill Creek* at $25, cash; 100 tons Shippenville at $25, 6 mos; 13 tons Texas (Venango) at $22, 6 mos; 167 tons Jefferson and Buchanan at $25, 6 mos; 100 tons Shippenville, in small lots to foundries at $25, 6 mos; 111 tons, a mixt lot in trade for *Bar and Nails*. About 150 tons of Shippenville remain unsold, which comprises nearly all of Allegheny now in market.

Now, let Gen. Taylor compare the facts here set forth from a Whig paper, with the Munchausen statement of the "*Iron Masters*," and he must certainly come to the conclusion that a gross and wicked attempt was made to lead him estray in relation to the price of pig iron, while he was in this city.

Since the above was in type we have conversed with a gentleman who is *engaged in the iron trade* to a considerable extent, and he reports to us a sale, within a few days past, of 100 tons of Allegheny pig iron at $26, cash. He states that the report of the "Iron Masters," made to President Taylor was lacking in truth and fairness—it was a mere political trick, intended to deceive and mislead the Executive. The same gentleman informs us that he made sales of pig iron at $23 per ton during the time that the much lauded Tariff of 1842 was in operation! Here are *facts* that are worthy of the consideration of the President and Congress.

Arrival of Hungarian Refugees.—The brig Chenamus, which arrived at this port Saturday forenoon from Smyrna via Gibraltar, had as passengers. Cols. Henry Ney and Henry Villachamp, both refugees from the Hungarian army.

These refugees are both young men, thirty-two or three years of age, and have left everything having barely escaped with their lives. Ney is said by Capt. Moore to be a relative of Marshal Ney, of France, and the other one is a German by birth.—A brother of Ney was taken prisoner and shot in his presence. They were obliged to flee for their lives, traveling across the country over the mountains and suffering great privations. After a toilsome journey, they reached Gibraltar, one being carried into town in a sack. Despatches were sent to Gibraltar after these refugees, and a body of police officers were in pursuit of them; but they were able to secrete themselves on board of vessels in port for a number of days.

Capt. Moore put into Gibraltar for water, and was quarantined for a short time. One night, during his stay, an American ship-chandler, in business at Gibraltar, smuggled Ney and Villechamp on board of the Chenamus *at the risk of his life*. The police got information that the refugees were on board of the brig; but on account of her being in quarantine, with the yellow flag up, they dared not go on board. When Capt. Moore's quarantine had expired, he made sail. On passing the fort he was fired upon, shots having passed through his foresail, on account of his not having the American ensign hoisted in the right place. Having put it right, he got out clear, though he was afterwards detained in the Bay some twelve days on account of the weather.—*Boston Times.*

Try It.—It is said, tomato vines, taken up before frosted, put in pots, treated as house plants, and set out in the spring, will bear earlier and richer fruit for several successive years.

Foreign News by the Cambria.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE!

THE SUPREMACY OF DESPOTISM IN EUROPE.

The steamship Cambria, Capt. Leitch, arrived at Halifax at half-past 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening. She left Liverpool on Saturday, the 8th inst., and had heavy weather on the passage. She was to have left Halifax for New York at 8 o' clock on the same evening.

The Cambria has 72 passengers for N. York.

The news is far from being of an exciting or pleasing character. It is indeed, a melancholy abstract of one week's intelligence. There is nothing in it to please a republican, or give any hope to any but a monarchist. Now that the brave Hungarians are crushed, the emperors and kings are calling their princes together to rivet the chains of the fallen; they are already *beginning* to alter the map of Europe.

The cholera was greatly increasing in England. The deaths in London, for the week ending on the 7th inst., were 2, 797, of which 1663 were of cholera. In Liverpool the deaths by cholera were said to be greater in proportion than in any part of England. In Dublin it was on the increase. Several distinguished persons have died of cholera in Paris and in other parts of France. Vienna and Berlin are at the present time greater sufferers than Paris. At Berlin the deaths are over forty a day.

The markets were dull, and without much change. The weather for harvesting was fine in all parts of Great Britain.

Affairs in Austria.—Comorn at the West and Peterwarden at the South, still hold out. The former continues to be commanded by Klapka; the latter was commanded by Kish.

The Russian General, Berg, had a long interview with Kish on the 23d ult., the result of which was that an Hungarian Major was sent to General Haynau to arrange terms for the capitulation of the impregnable position of Comorn, which induces Klapka to demand good conditions.

A letter from Vienna, of the 31st ult., states that several of the Magyar chiefs had been executed.—Among them are ex-Minister of Justice Pobobich, and General Dawianich, who had been shot.

General Iowich who gave up the fortress of Essog, to the Magyars, had been taken to Vienna in chains.

The mother and children of Kossuth, and the wives of several Magyar Generals, and arrived as prisoners at Presburg.

There was some talk of Gen. Guyulai being appointed civil and military governor—[the despatch does not say of what place.]

The greater part of the Russian army had received orders to march towards Gallicia, but the *corps d'armee* of Gen. Rudiger was to remain at Mickolez at the north, and Grosswardein at the east; Buda and Pesth, in the west, are to have a garrison of three thousand men.

The Hungarian corps of the gallant Perczel entered Orsova, but the Turkish authorities would not receive them until they had laid down their arms.

Gorgey's surrender was known at Comorn on the 18th, and a summons was sent to the garrison, either to follow his example or to send in their terms of capitulation. The answer, given on the 19th, was as follows:—

"No official communications as to the position of affairs near the lower Danube, and in the Banat, has reached us, and, until we know what has taken place there, we cannot, without incurring the charge of treachery to the fatherland, consent to treat in the name of the counsel of war."

Klapka and those members of the late Hungarian Diet who had declared that the house of Hapsburg had forfeited all claim to the throne of Hungary, and whom Russia handed over to the Austrian authorities, had been conveyed to Pesth. According to this, Comorn had surrendered, for Klapka had command of that place.

Letters from Vienna state that the Emperor of Austria *has pardoned Gorgey, and the latter has departed for Syria, where he intends for the present to remain.*

Venice was taken possession of by the Imperialists on the 27th.

The Gazette of the 26th, publishes an order of the *government regulating the departure by sea* of persons who intended to avail themselves of the articles of capitulation. Those who desire to proceed to Corfu, Patras, or Alexandria, in Egypt, will be conveyed at the expense of the Austrian government. For all other places, the expense of the voyage must be defrayed by the parties themselves.

The Germanic Union.—A provisional arrangement has been concluded between Prussia and Austria, on the German question. There is to be a Directory consisting of members for the confederation, provided by the cabinets of Vienna and Munich, and it is to hold its sittings at Frankfort. The Directory will be a permanent executive commission for the common interest of the whole of Germany. The States who adhered to the restricted confederation under the direction of Prussia, will have, between, them, three votes, and Austria, Baria, Wurtemburg, and the other small States, will have together, four votes; such as least, is the proposition of Austria. The Presidency of the Directory, will be vested alternately in Austria and Prussia. This will not alter the relations as to the common legislation, and the executive authority vested in the confederation.

The Austrian government engages to persuade the Arch Duke John to resign his dignity of Vicar of the Empire.

The Frankfort correspondent of a London paper writes, on the 31st:—

"There is little doubt that a Congress of Princes will be held here in the course of next week, for the purpose of finally settling the German question.—The arrival of the Archduke John and Prince Carl of Bavaria, is confidentially expected to-day. The Prince of Prussia received visits yesterday from the Dukes of Nassau and Saxe Meiningen. The duke of Nassau returned this morning to Wiesbaden.—The Duke of Saxe Meiningen conferred with the Prince for more than an hour and a half."

The committee of Aldenberg Chamber has unanimously reccommended the rejection of the proposition of Prussia, Saxony and Hanover, to join the confederation.

A letter from Hamburg states that part of the Prussian forces had left that city, and that the Prussian garrison was to be reduced to 4,000 men.

The Prussian government has addressed a circular to all that have not finally adhered to the federation which it proposes, declaring that it expects to receive definite answers before the 15th inst., at which period it will consider the protocol closed, and proceed at once to the practical establishment of the confederation.

Affairs in Rome.—On the 21st ult General Oudinot officially announces his departure from Rome.—M. Savelli, the Pope's Minister of the Interior, has arrived, and installed himself as head of the Police, ut entirely under the control of the French authorities. His first decree was regarding the paper money, and says that the State guarantees notes for their declared value, and imposed a fine and imprisonment on all who refuse to take them when tendered for payment.

A military commission has been established for reorganizing the Roman troops. All promotives since the 19th November is annulled, until the commission shall have reported upon the conduct of each man, which, if found satisfactory, will enable him to regain his rank.

The Triumvirate of Cardinals has instituted a commission for the purpose of prosecuting the authors and accomplices of the outrages committed during the revolutionary period, against religion, its ministers, the majesty of the soverign, and public security.

Switzerland.—Advices from Berne, from the 1st inst., state that for some time past a report has been spread of a collective note, from *the three great powers of the North in accord with the French government to the effect that the Canton of Neuchatel must be restored to Prussia.*

Of the 10,000 policical refuges that were in Switzerland only 8,000 remain there.

Bills drawn by the Spanish government on a town in Italy, for half a million of reals, for payment of the troops forming the Spanish expedition, have been returned protested.

Two Hundred Slaves Drowned.—A dreadful affair took place in July, near Bahia, Brazil, of which we may have before had some account. A slaver pursued by a British cruiser, took refuge in shoal water, near the coast. Here she went ashore when the captain and most of the slaves (about 200 in number) were drowned.

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

JOHN A. GAMBLE,

OF LYCOMING COUNTY.

FOR SENATOR,

MURRAY WHALLON, of Erie.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

DAVID OLIN, of Girard.
WM. GRIFFETH, of North East.

SHERIFF,

E. W. GERRISH, of Edenboro.

COMMISSIONER,

TRUMAN STEWART, of Amity.

AUDITOR,

HENRY TELLER, of Girard.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,

HENRY GINGRICH, of Millcreek.

TICKETS.—We have tickets for the different candidates printed. Will such of our friends who may be in from the country next week, call and get a supply for their respective townships?

DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.—The Address of the Democartic State Central Committee, will be found in our columns this week, to which we call the attention of our readers. It is a full, fair and able exposition of the issues to be decided on the 10th.

AN OLD ADAGE MODIFIED.—In times of old, before Tailors, and Hatters, and Shoemakers, became the paymaster's of Fashion's orders, it was a true adage that "mind made the man—the want of it the fellow," but the "good old days of Adam and Eve" have passed, and with them the truth of our text. Now reads "Good clothes made the man—the want of them, the fellow!" We recollect a case in point of our own experience. Some years since when we were younger, and fine clothes more expensive than now, we had, through causes unnecessary to mention, become a rather shabby *looking customer*. Our coat, the only one we had, gloried in sundry rents, and our unmentionables were as threadbare as the soul of a Bank president. Our hat was a "shocking bad hat," and as to our boots—well, if our big-toe did'nt play boo-peep through the holes in them, the fault lay in the strength of the stocking rather than in that of the calf skin. As to our shirt, like Gen. Taylor's at New York, it was dirty "*some*". In a word, we were a fine specimen of hard-up jour Printer. In this *plight*, which did not incommode us much if *is* true, for like the old lady's eels, we had become used to it, we met upon the street a couple of lady acquaintances of long standing—in fact we had know them from childhood up—and not having seen them for a year or so, we very innocently stoped, bowed and held out our hand. But, Christopher Columbus, what a "suck in"—in the vernacular of the "b'hoys," they passed us with a swing that would have made Fanny Elsler "howl." They were not acquainted with our *clothes*, that was certain. It is true, we could'nt blame them much, for we had long before found that it was the way of the world. Now for the application. If any of our friends have a "shocking bad" coat, a threadbare vest, a dilapidated pair of pants, or are in *any way* out at the elbow in the CLOTHING line, and had rather be recognized by their fashionable lady acquaintances, than "cut" as we were, all they have to do is to call upon our friend JUSTICE, in Brown's Block, where they will find every thing to make a *man* of them, according to the new reading of the adage! Remember "good clothes make the man, the want of them the fellow." There, John, that 's a puff, "as is a puff." We'll take that vest.

LET THEM READ THIS!—While the orators and editors of Taylorism are shedding crockadile tears by the hogshead and pipe over the ruin brought upon the laborer by the present revenue laws, would it not be well to turn there eyes to facts like the following, and see if there is not more ways than one to oppress the labor of this country, and put money in the pockets of the "paupers of the old world." We copy it without further coment.

From the New York Sun—A Taylor paper.

More of the Fruits.—It seems to us that the present authorities at Washington are doing their best to satisfy at least the city of New York, of their utter incompetency to manage our foreign relations, except upon a system which pays no respect to the interests of this great community, so closely bound up with foreign commerce.—The virtual seizure of the steamship United States, the first anti-liberal demonstration of the Cabinet, was in itself a blow upon this season's ship building business, from which it will take our artizans, manufacturers and merchants no little time to recover. The agents of both the *belligerents in this case*, were at the time in the New York ship building market, making preparations for the construction of four or more war steamers of the largest class. When the Government at Washington, by demanding the security exacted of the owners of the United States, made it known that the builders of New York should not sell ships of war to foreigners who might be engaged in hostilities—(that being the plain meaning of the action of the United States' District Attorney in that case)—the preliminary contracts for the hulls of these vessels were, of course, abandoned. and the agents of the foreign governments, of necessity, immediately gave the work to the English, which they preferred should have been executed by the mechanics of New York.—To say that the builders, riggers, engine makers, &c., of this city were injured to the extent of two million dollars by the course pursued by the Government in this matter of the steamship United States, is not an over estimate of the damage already inflicted upon them by the "reactory" predisposition of the present Cabinet. The injury of our citizens is a matter not lightly to be passed over; the Cabinet should think twice before it thus takes the bread from the mouth of our poor mechanics.

It is intimated that the Poussin difficulty had its origin in *females*. M. Poussin and his Secretary, it is claimed had women in charge on first going to Washington, whom respectable people were not exactly willing to receive. This may, however, be the invention of some *personal enemy*. The difficulty has probably been permanently adjusted, and so let it pass.—*Gazette.*

O, yes, "let it pass" by all means! Mossieur Poussin, and Mr. Secretary Clayton, quarrel about a *wanton*, whereat Zachary Taylor, the peace President, the "Second Washington," under whose administration the "country feels safe," gets into a touring passion and gives Mr. Poussin notice that his passports are ready,—that if President Bonoparte don't learn him better manners than to interfere with the *amours* of the Cabinet, he'll give the whole frog-eating French nation a lickin' quicker than he would one of his refractory niggers. O, yes, "let it pass," its only another fizzle of this "Heroic Age" —they have become so common of late that they create no more surprise than a harmless squib on the 4th of July. "Let it pass," of course—its only another Lady Franklin affair, or Cubian invasion by the Pennsylvanian Dutch! or something of the kind. It will only add another bell to the clown's cap in the State Department, to be jingled in ridicule by the friends of monarchy in the old world! Yes, yes, "let it pass," it's only the mistake of a good whig—but if it had only been the *faux pas* of a 'vile lo-co-fo-co,' blood-hounds and bullets, would'nt all the whig Editors "around the board have ordered it up and went it alone."

Can't Stand the Fire.—The whig press winces under the fire from father Richie's "*Union*" battery like the Mexicans under that of Capt. Bragg, and unable to repel or silence the old Nestor by the same weapons, are calling aloud for an authorised censorship, or a resort to lynch law. For instance, the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, an excellent specimen of John Adams' federalism, says: "If they cannot be reached through their minds and consciences, so as to compel them into a more becoming course, the more reason is there for an attempt to reach them through their persons or their pockets." This appears to be no more or less than an invitation to the Taylorites to lynch the editors of the *Union*, or to establish again the old sedition law. Whether the suggestion will be generally adopted by the whigs, or whether the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* will be left to punish the offedders alone, *nous verrons.*

THE APPROACHING CONTEST!

One week from Tuesday the general election of this commonwealth will take place; and, as we have not troubled our readers much, thus far, with appeals in favor of our candidates and principles, it is but just to both that we should give them a parting word ere the people decide for or against them. Though attended with no excitement—though the public pulse is all unruffled—and quiet reigns on the political face of our State—the contest is nevertheless important, and should call out a candid and free expression of the popular opinion at the ballot-box. One year ago, the people of the Keystone were called upon to support a candidate for President, who was pledged as strong as language could pledge a man to be the "President of the people, and not of a party." In his appointments, and in the distribution of the patronage of the government, he was not to know or enquire whether a man was a Democrat or a whig, but whether he was honest and capable! He was to remove no man for opinion's sake, but by pursuing a contrary course, he was to introduce an era of good feeling in politics, unprecedented, as well as unparalleled in the annals of political warfare. Under his benign administration the political lion and lamb were to lay down together. In the language of Gov. Crittenden, of Kentucky, Gen. Taylor "hated, loathed proscription"—"he loved the free independent utterance of opinion"—"he had," continued that distinguished advocate, "commanded whigs and Democrats on the field of battle—had witnessed their patriotic devotion, and invincible courage, while standing together, shoulder to shoulder—had seen them fight, bleed and die together; and God forbid that he should proscribe any man on account of a difference of political sentiments. He would as soon think," said the speaker, "of running from a Mexican!" Such were the pledges and promises of Gen. Taylor and his friends before the election. Many, carried away by his deeds of valor in a war they deemed necessary and just, listened to the serin song of the tempter, and believed them. They laid aside, for the time being, and for a future occasion, their opposition to the measures and principles of the whig party, and enrolled themselves under the banner of the victorious General. But how has that confidence on their part been requitted? How has the General thus elevated acted the part of the President? Every pledge given, he has broken—every promise made, he has violated, until now, pledges and promises have become a by-word and a reproach! So far from not "yielding himself to party schemes," he has made the council chamber at the White House the place of meeting for the vilest political cabal that ever ruled the political destines of the nation. So far from not "yielding himself to party schemes," he has surrendered himself, and the duties prescribed to him by the constitution, into the hands of a partizan cabinet, irresponsible to the people, and in whose elevation they had no voice; and thus it can be said, that there is at this time "a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself!" Instead of not "proscribing men for opinion's sake," it has only been necessary to prove a man a Democrat to secure his removal, and his place filled by a crawling federalist. Instead of making "honesty and capacity a prerequisite for the bestowal of office," it is notorious that many of his appointments have been denounced by his own friends as neither "honest nor capable." In short, as we have before remarked, his pledges have been treated as idle tales to catch the multitude, and those who firmly relied upon his word, have found it but a broken reed! It is for the people of Pennsylvania, at the approaching election, to either condemn or approve this stupendous political "swindle." It will be for them to declare whether our ancient commonwealth shall remain a party to this fraud upon the country! If Mr. Fuller, the whig candidate for Canal Commissioner, shall be elected, it will be immediately proclaimed as an approval of the course of Zachary Taylor, and his irresponsible advisers. If he should be defeated, as we trust and believe he will be, and that staunch Democrat, and capable man, John A. Gamble, elected, Pennsylvania will be redeemed, and the foul blot placed upon her hitherto pure political escutcheon by the duplicity of the President, will be obliterated, and she once more enrolled as the Keystone of the Democratic Arch. This, Fellow-Democrats, of Erie county is one of the questions upon which *your* votes will have a bearing in the approaching contest. But it is not the only one. Mr. Fuller's election will be construed into an approval of whig measures, state and national. We shall again have the whigs clamoring at the door of the capitol for a restoration of that odious doctrine of "protection, for protection's sake,"—for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands for the purpose of buying up states—for a national paper currency, to regulate our domestic exchanges, and the thousand and one other schemes of the few—the wealthy—to extort money from pockets of the many—the poor! As to our State affairs, we presume the four years of Ritner's misrule has satisfied you that there is danger in trusting the affairs of a State, or the management of our public works in the hands of such men! Mr. Fuller is wedded to the interests of the political gamblers who surrounded and used that weak old man for their nefarious schemes of public plunder, and although there will still be a majority of our canal board Democratic, there is danger in the trial—the true policy is, "taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

As to our county ticket, we repeat what we said last week, *vote for it!* It is superior in every respect to that of your opponents, and although it may not succeed, it will not be any fault of ours! The true Democrat—and if there is any in the State, we have them in Erie county, —is always ready to proclaim his principles by voting for candidates who profess them, whether there is a prospect of their election or not. Let the county ticket, therefore, receive a hearty support at your hands.

The Buffalo and Erie Railroad.—The route, mostly on the North side of the main road, has been surveyed through, and the engineer, says the Buffalo *Commercial*, is now engaged in making a profile of the route, preparatory to making an estimate of the cost of the work. It is proposed, however, to survey other routes—or at least one more, on the South side of the main road from this place—with a view to the adoption of the most feasible one. The line surveyed is very favorable as to grade, and the road can be constructed at a moderate cost. The *Commercial* says, "there is no doubt, we suppose, in relation to the consummation of the enterprise. Its management has fallen into good hands, and it will be pushed forward with all practicable speed.—*Fredonia Censor.*

Another of the "Effects."—As the "effects" of the tariff of '46 is just now the entire stock in trade of the universal whig party in Pennsylvania, we beg leave to call their attention to a recent trial in Massachusetts, in which the "Watuppa Manufacturing Company" were prosecuted for working on Sunday, to enlarge the wheel-pit of the Mills. The corporation Attorney, in justification, contended that this was a work of *necessity* which could *only be done on Sunday, when the mills were not in operation!* The panic makers can now add to the heinous crimes of the bill of '46, that of compelling people to work on Sunday!

☞ Has the *Observer* heard the result of the elections in Rhode Island and Vermont?—*Gazette.*

Well, y-e-a-s—it does appear as though we had some faint recollection of those events. Let us see, the whigs carried them both, did they not? Both "results" are almost equal to the *invasion of Holland* by the Dutch as recorded by that eminent historian, "Billy Patterson."

☞ The Richmond *Enquirer* asks—"Have we a President?" To which the Lynchburg *Virginian* responds: —*We have eight pieces* of one, but whether they all make a President is very questionable. Certain it is, that if they do, it is a very inferior one that they make."

Massachusetts.—The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention assembled at Springfield on the 19th inst.—There were about six hundred delegates in attendance Erastus D. Beach, of Springfield, in the chair.

George S. Boutwell, of Croton, was nominated, by ballot as candidate for the office of Governor.

Henry W. Cushman, of Bernardstown, was nominated for Lieutenant Governor.

Resolutions were adopted, opposing the extension of slavery, but refusing to make that question a party test. An effort to strike out the last part of the resolution failed.

ADDRESS
OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Democrats of Pennsylvania:

The issue is once more made in our good old Commonwealth, and it remains for you to say whether it shall be redeemed or not. This issue is not a new one, although it may be presented under a different aspect.

It has been the constant unchanging object of the Democratic Party, in this country, ever since the days of Thomas Jefferson, to establish upon a firm basis, and to put into successful practice that fundamental doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, and all men are born politically, free and equal; and while a diversity of objects somewhat local in their character, may have temporarily changed the *issues* from time to time, there never has been a contest in which this important principle has not been involved directly or indirectly.—The questions of Banks, Tariffs, an Independent Treasury, distribution of the proceeds of the sale of Public Lands, Internal Improvements &c., &c., have agitated this country for many years; and yet viewed in the abstract, good democrats are often at a loss to see what danger can accure to their principles let these measures be successful or not. Few look below the surface of things; but those who do, see in these measures a foundation on which is to be erected the superstructure of privileged classes and privileged interests. The democracy has never changed its name or objects: They are universal sufferage and political equality. Federalism is opposed to both—at first *openly*, but of late under various guises and changes of names.

In the early days of our government, the enemies of *democracy openly* declared their distrust of the people, and labored to restrict popular rights and priviledges by legislative enactments. They failed—and the whole history of federalism under the different names of Federalists, National Republicans Whigs, Democratic Whigs and Taylor Republicans, has been untiring labor to do that indirectly which could not be done directly, to wit: by establishing corporations without restrictions, they hope to control the finances, trade and legislation of the country, and to smoother individual enterprise; by having a particular class of interests placed under the special protection of government, they hope through them to rule the country; and control all other interests by a vast scheme of internal improvements; they hope to create huge monopolies of monied interests, which in the end must corrupt the government, demoralize the people, and ultimately sap the personal independence of the masses, which is the only sure basis of a republican government.

On all these issues whether presented directly or indirectly, the democracy have triumphed, and it was their highest pride under the late administration to point to the records of their country for the success of every Democratic measure, and to point to the unexampled prosperity and happiness of the people for the fruits of these triumphs.

There always have been and always will be, at least two parties in a free government, and in ours the democracy represents the masses. It is the province of the other party under whatever name it may be known, to take care of privileged classes and privileged interests.

In the success of these measures the democracy have *nothing to fear, they have always triumphed* and always will; but when issues are abandoned and a military hero, professedly without political principles, is presented to the people and claims their suffrages for his military services, our rulers may change, but our principles never; and such has been the result of the late Presidential and gubernatorial elections. The country never was in a state of higher prosperity than it is at present; peace happiness and abundance are every where. Some one particular branch of industry may languish, but it is only temporarily, and this constitutes but a small proportion of the great thriving industry of the country. All these exist under the full sway of democratic principles. Not a single line has been blotted out by the election of Gen. Taylor, and by the late elections as compared with those of last fall, it would seem as if the people having sustained their country's war, and rewarded its hero with the highest honor in their gift, are determined to surround him with a democratic Congress, allowing him nothing more than the name of President and the emoluments of office.

We predict that in less than six months the national and State administration will be without the power to pass a *single act, either in the national or State Legislatures.* Still, while they are without power to legislate, every one known that the executive power will do its utmost to pralyse the democracy, with the hope of ultimately breaking down their principles. The policy of Governor Shunk was endorsed by an overwhelming majority in 1847, and nothing but the fatal security of the Democracy prevented the re-assertion of their principles in 1848. No one dreamed of danger, and while all felt secure, *Governor Johnston* traveled the State, avowing no principles for the public eye, but bargaining with Natives, declaring himself for Free Soil in one section of the State and advocating a slave-holder for the Presidency in another—he succeeded in carrying the State by a few hundred majority.

We will not attempt to characterize the late campaign. It is now well understood by the people and known to be without a parallel in the history of our country. Our object *in addressing you now is, to draw your attention to* the importance of the present campaign, and in doing so we have thought it expedient to show that the principles of our party are at stake; without discussing them at length, they are too well understood to require it. Let Pennsylvania be redeemed in October, and New York with her once more united Democracy in November, and the laurels of 1848 will fade forever, the country be safe, and Democracy triumphant

Democrats of Pennsylvania, this is the issue. Had you carried the State at the last election, it might not have been so—the only question to be passed upon in that event would have been the election of a competent officer for Canal Commissioner. As it is, you have now the double duty of redeeming your State, by triumphantly asserting your principles, and of electing a good and competent officer to carry them out in the proper management of the internal improvements of the State. It was, with a full knowledge of this issue before them, that the Democratic State Convention, lately assembled at Pittsburgh, placed in nomination John A. Gamble as your candidate for Canal Commissioner, a gentleman of long experience in public improvements, in the legislative policy of the State, and *of spotless integrity* of character. Aside from all other questions, the two candidates before the people, for the responsible office of Canal Commissioner, differ in all the essential qualifications for the duties of that office. Mr. Gamble is a man in middle life, who possesses nothing but what he has earned by his own industry and economy; he has been for many years engaged in various capacities on the line of our internal improvements—thus, acquiring by experience and observation, a thorough knowledge of our whole system of internal improvements—he was a member of the Convention which amended the Constitution of our State—has been a member of our Legislature, and is perfectly acquainted with the whole policy of our Government in relation to internal improvements—he is a Democrat, and as such has always been faithful and true, to the principles of his party and its organization, and if elected will carry them out in the economical management of the public works. Mr. Fuller, the candidate of Federalism and Nativism, is a young man of reputed wealth, a lawyer by profession, without any experience whatever in relation to our internal improvements, and was never known or heard of in the State, until he served one session in the legislature last winter. For the office he seeks, he seems not to possess a solitary qualification, and he rests his whole hopes upon traveling the State making speeches, declaring himself a Free Soiler, although he voted for a slave-holder for President, a Rough and Ready to secure the Natives, and anything and everything to secure votes. Between these two the people are to choose. We have no fear of the result, if every Democrat will do his duty. Have the vote all brought out, and all will be *safe*—our party is united, and our candidate approved throughout the State —all that is now necessary to do is to go to the polls, and Pennsylvania will wipe out the strain of her defection, and take her rank again at the head of the Democratic States.

J. GLANCY JONES, *Chairman.*
Gideon G. Westcott, *Secretary.*

Amusements for the People.—The New York *Express*, although a Whig paper, can not preserve its gravity, in view of the remarkable performances of the Administration at Washington, in the matter of its negotiations with foreign nations. Within a month we have chronicled a hostile demonstration by "Old Zack," against Cuba, France, and England! Without a doubt the old General is ready to fight them all and would ask no better fun. The paper from which we quote, gets off the following very good thing.

The Administration, it must be confessed, keeps up a grand display in its Foreign negotiations. Scenes, events, *coups de etat, scintillate* and sparkle upon the surface of its action. *It is the Sky Rocket work* all the while.—There is an *Exhibition every night.* No sooner are we over the wonders of the Proclamation in behalf of Cuba, and the summary and peremptory demand for the abducted Rey, against Cuba, than *the Sky is all lit up again* with the Poussin affair. There is danger, is there not? that on the ordinary fare of quiet and peace we may starve to death.

A Couple of Jewels.—It is useless to conceal it, *the State is in jeopardy* and we must work to save it. *Whig policy, under which the people are prospering, is sought to be overthrown.—Gazette.*

This is Jewel No. 1, from the third column of the second page of the *Gazette.*

Look around our State! IS NOT EVERY BRANCH OF TRADE LANGUISHING!—*Senator Cooper.*

This is Jewel No. 2, and is from the first column of the third page of the same paper! Comment is useless.

Democratic Victory in Maine.—The Augusta *Age* gives the returns from the election in Maine, showing the election of Dr. Hubbard, the Democratic candidate, by at least 1200 majority; 14 Democratic Senators to 11 Whigs; 97 Democratic members of Assembly to 60 Whigs. The fruit of this victory amounts to A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT THROUGHOUT and A DEMOCRATIC UNITED STATES SENATOR, for six years from the 4th of March 1851.

☞ The *Observer* continues its assaults upon Mr. Walker. It "knaws against a file."—*Gazette.*

Well, we know he was a pretty *hard case*, but had no idea his friends would own it. By the by, the above explains how he was so successful in *cutting* the *eye-teeth* of so many of his political friends while attorney for the United States Bank.

Michigan.—The democratic state convention met at Jackson last week and nominated John S. Barry, for Governor, William M. Fenton, for Lieutenant Governor, and R. W. Ingalls, of the Adrian *Watchtower*, a capital democratic paper, for State Printer. These nominations, says the Detroit *Bulletin*, will be responded to by the democracy of the State with enthusiasm, and will receive the entire support of the party. Every democrat will work for the support of the ticket, with energy and determination to elect it by a larger majority than has yet crowned the ever successful efforts of the democratic party in Michigan.

☞ The editor of the "Great West" announces the astonishing fact, that he has succeeded in discovering a living, actual bona fide descendant from one of the *second* "Families of Virginia."

Godey's Lady's Book.—The October number of Godey's matchless Monthly, has been received, brimfull as usual of all sorts of attractions, literary and pictorical, to please the eye and charm the minds of his many thousands of fair patrons. *Twenty-three* engravings, many of them beautiful and all well executed, are the embelishments of the Number; chief among them, a fine portrait on steel of Frederika Bremer, the favorite Swedish authoress. *Forty-six* contributions, by the most admired male and female writers, constitute the literary portion of *the* Book, requiring 24 extra pages to accomodate all of them. With the Philadelphia *Sun*, "we think Godey may plume himself on his October as XX-cellent." Louis A. Godey, Philadelphia. $3 a year.

For $3.50, we are permitted, by a special arrangement with Godey, to furnish the *Lady's Book* and the *Observer* one year. Cheap enough for the most economical of readers.

Mr. Walker, the candidate for Senator, stands at the head of the bar in Erie County, and is unquestionably one of the ablest men in Western Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia News.*

Well, that is "news!" indeed in this vicinity. John H. Walker "at the head of the bar in Erie county"? Where does Sill and Thompson, Babbitt, Galbraith and Marshall stand? At the tail, we suppose, according the *News.*—It may be, however, that the *News* intended to be understood in a Pickwickian sense,—if so, it is probably correct.

☞ Mr. George Bancroft, our late Minister at the Court of St. James intends to make New York his future residence, and he will devote his time and attention to literary pursuits.

☞ A democratic editor out west, who was also village post-master, was chided by a friend, on the unsightly appearance of the head of his paper, and urged him to get a new one. "Hush," said he, "if my head was o attract Mr. Collamar's attention, it would be off before a week!"

An Editorial Calf.—The Editor of the *Commercial* discovered "An Editor's Bull" in the last Observer.—There is nothing strange in this—it is very natural for a *Calf to be the first to discover one of his own kind, if in* the vicinity.

Mark the Difference—Time was when a *good*

THE WARS OF FRANCE.—In the course of the last five centuries, France has been engaged in wars, the aggregate duration of which amounts to 326 years! Of these, 35 were years of civil war, 40 of religious war, 76 of war on the soil of France, and 175 foreign. Great and sanguinary battles 84.

In the 16th century there were 85 years of war; in 17th, 69 years; in the 18th, 58 years,—making a total in those three centuries, of 212 years of war to 88 of peace. *Add to those, the revolutions and wars of the present century,* and who can wonder at the existing moral and political condition of the country?

THE SCIENCE OF MINING.—The mines of California have *baffled* all science, and rendered the application of philosophy entirely nugatory. Bone and sinew philosophy, with a sprinkling of good luck, can alone *render success certain.* We have met with many *geologists* and practical scientific men in the mines, *and have invariably seen them beaten by unskilled* men, soldiers and the like. The simple secret is, that *gold* has been thrown about promiscuously by volcanic power, and distributed along the margin of stream s, and the river beds by mountain torrents, and it is the hard working and lucky man who may *restore it.*—*Placer Times.*

A CURIOUS AFFAIR.—A curious affair has just come to light, which has created no little talk and speculation in our community.

It appears that some six years ago Mr. Augustus Kennerly, a city collector, was charged with defalcation in the sum of $8000, and was subsequently dismissed from office for the supposed crime. He, however, did not go without protesting that an error had been committed, and earnestly requested that the city authorities would examine the accounts.—His entreaties prevailed and the accounts were overhauled, but fortunately nothing come to light at all favorable to him, and he was consequently discharged, disgraced and ruined.

Yesterday, strange to say, on examination of an old day book, by the present auditors, $10,000 was found marked as posted by Kennerly, which had not been posted, so that the city actually owes the discharged collector $2,000 with interest, besides the resorting of a blighted reputation.

FROM CANADA.—The following from the Montreal *Herald*, shows that the scales are beginning to fall from the eyes of the people of Canada:

We believe that the idea of the Governor General being the protector of British interests, or of any interests, has become a delusion and a snare. We believe that his office is at present a sham, cheating the people of the Province out of one branch of that tripartite constitution, which thirty-two States, composed of the people of all the world, best acquainted with constitutional government, have seriously adopted. We believe it is something even worse than a sham; for it possesses just sufficient appearance of reality to induce expectations which *cannot be* realized, and will thus be the constant cause of turmoil and confusion. It is time that *liberalism* ceased to blow hot and cold. It is time that the people of Canada possessed institutions, which will not "keep the word of promise to the *ear*; but break it to the hope."

RETURN FROM THE DIGGINGS.—The *Newburyport Herald* states that a young man named Glines, belonging to the Newbury (Byfield parish) has just returned home from California, with sixty pounds of gold, worth $13,000. He came home for the purpose of seeing his gold safe, and receiving the congratulations of his friends, and returned immediately.

☞NOW, that the season for Coughs and Colds are advancing, we cannot do better than to urge upon our citizens the importance of guarding themselves against unnecessary exposures to the changes in the weather experienced in our climate at this time of the year. The introduction of Fall always brings with it a troublesome variety of weather, and the sudden transitions we feel from heat to cold, from dry to moist states of the atmosphere, frequently impart to our systems the first characters of disease, and lay the foundation of the numerous consumptive complaints so prevalent among our people. It is the wiser part to prevent, if possible, the formation of those diseases, by a proper respect for the laws which govern our bodies; but when Coughs and Colds do come, and before the Lungs become dangerously affected, we should have recourse to that efficacious and deservedly popular remedy for all diseases of the chest and lungs, DR WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

☞See advertisement

☞PERIODICAL HEADACHE—so common in uncleared and marshy countries. Tic Douloureux, that most painful affliction of the nerves of the face, are often only attacks of ague in disguise, proceeding from the same noxious influence.—Jaundice, Dyspepsia and Diarrhea, are frequently but disguised forms of intermittent fever. Even Rheumatism and Epilepsy, often result from the same miasmal cause. For such, Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue is an unfailing remedy. By striking at the root of these affections, it applies with equal certainty, as for the cure of Fever and Ague in its simple forms.

Imitations are abroad! Be particular to enquire for *Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue.*

For sale by J. H. Burton, Agent, Erie, Pa.

☞A FINGER BITTEN ENTIRELY OFF!

CHICAGO, Ill., Seventh ward of Chicago, Sept. 14, '48.

DR SLOAN—Sir: On the 6th instant my son had a finger bitten entirely off by a horse. We immediately applied your celebrated Ointment which relieved him of pain in a few minutes, and prevented the finger from swelling the least particle, and the wound is now healing rapidly. Respectfully yours,

S. BROCKWAY.

☞*All the Medicines advertised by* W. B. Sloan are sold on agency by Carter & Brother, No. 6, Reed House.

☞DYSPEPSIA CURED by the use of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills.—No disease, with perhaps the single exception of consumption, is so much dreaded in the United States as *dyspepsia.* Originating in a diseased state of the liver, it is often confounded with consumption itself by the unhappy sufferer, who goes away until death releases him from pain; yet a remedy is within the reach of all, which will relieve all cases of the kind, and work a speedy and effectual cure.

Dr. Oliver Morgan, a distinguished physician of Virginia, with a very extensive practice, has used these pills in all cases of dyspepsia, and in all cases with complete success. Certificates in abundance are in the hands of the proprietors of this invaluable medicine, (J. KIDD & Co. Wood-st, corner of Fourth, Pittsburgh.) The following, however, from Ohio. will speak volumes to those suffering under any of those diseases which arise from a diseased liver.

"RICHMOND, JEFF. Co. OHIO.

"*Messrs J. Kidd & Co,*—This is to certify that my wife has been afflicted for several years with the following pains, at periods more or less: Pain in the right side, about the edge of the ribs, extending to the right shoulder; pain in the back part of the head and above the eye, accompanied by weakness, loss of appetite, and almost constantly confined to her bed. Since August she has used three boxes of *Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills,* and I have now to state, that *by the use* of these pills, she has been benefited in no ordinary degree. Under the providence of God she now enjoys good health, and is able to attend to the domestic concerns of my family.

JAMES STEWART,"

For sale by Carter & Brother, and J. H. Burton, Erie, Pa.

☞NOTICE.—In consequence of the absence of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, there will be no service in the Universalist church to-morrow.

MARRIED.

On the 9th inst., by D. H. Chapman, Esq., Mr. M. OYER, and *Miss* PHEBE METZKER, all of Fairview.

In Erie, on the 25th inst., by Rev. J. H. Pressley, Mr. A. MCSPARREN, Sen., to MRS. HENRIETTA GLAZIER, all of this city.

In Spring, Crawford co., on the 19th ult., by W. F. Owen, Esq., Mr. WM. O. STONE to Miss Abby A. PHILIPS, both of Girard.

On the 6th inst., by Rev. Noah Sullivan, Mr. GILFORD L. REUSE to Miss MARGERT MARSHALL, all of this city.

On the 20th inst., *by the Rev. J. Vance, Mr. Jacob* M. OLIVER of Milcreek, to Miss SARAH SLAYBAUGH of McKean.

On the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Findley, Mr. J. NEWELL ELLIS of Mead. tp., Crawford co., to Miss JANE M. WHEELER, of this city.

In Mayville, Sept. 18, by the Rev. Mr. Halleck, Rev. John W. Wilson, of Springfield, Erie Co. Pa., to Miss HANNAH M. STARR of Mayville.

DIED.

On the 27th Mrs LAURA M. wife of R. Pelton, of this city, in the 28th year of her age.

ERIE COUNTY FAIR!

A BALL, in honor of the Erie County Agricultural Fair will be given at BROWN'S HOTEL, on Wednesday evening Oct. Tickets to be had at the Bar—price $2.

Erie, Sept. 29, 1849. 1m39

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Erie county, will be sold by public vendue, on Tuesday, the 23d day of October, on the premises, all the interest of Hosea Solomon and Polly Hogle, (being each the undevided tenth part) the following described property to wit:—Seventy-five acres of land in Conneaut township, Erie county, bounded and described as follows: On the west by the State Line, on the north by the State Road, on the east by the land of Sampson Pope, and on the south by the lands of James Kennedy. The land is subject to a small balance of purchase money now due

Terms made known on day of sale.

WM. HERRINGTON, Guardian.

By order of the Court, August 6, 1849.

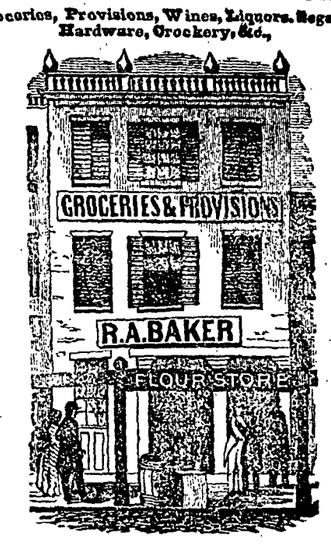
JAMES SKINNER, Clerk.

TAKE NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Stevens & Kellogg, or to Isaac B. Stevens, are hereby notified to come forward and settle their accounts immediately. The books and accounts will remain in my hands, at the store now occupied by Wm. Crawford, *in North East.*

ISAAC B. STEVENS.

North East, Sept 29 1849. 3t19.



WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT

R. A. BAKER'S, CHEAPSIDE, ERIE, PA.

WHICH he offers for CASH as cheap as they can be bought in Buffalo. He would especially call the attention of Country Merchants and others to his large assortment of *Premium* Tobacco and good young Hyson Teas, which he will sell very cheap at Wholesale.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Sugars from 6 to 10 cents; Java Coffee 10 cents; Raisins from 6 to 12½ cents; Currents 12½ cents; Young Hyson Tea from 50 to 75 cents; Imperial Tea 75 cents; Pouchong and Extra Olong Tea from 62½ to 75 cents per pound, &c.

FISH.—Codfish, White Fish, Mackeral, Herring, &c.,

WINES AND LIQUORS,

By the Barrel or Gallon. Whiskey from 20 cents, to $1 75. Brandy from $1 to $4 per gallon. Sweet Malaga Wine $1. Pure Juice Port Wine $3, good Port $2, pure Holland Gin $2 50, &c.,

TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

10 Boxes Cavandish Tobacco, "Ledro."

10 " Honey Dew " "Banks,"

Mrs. Miller's, Goodwin & Bro's and John Anderson's Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

Havana and Principe Segars from $7 to $30 per M.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY & STATIONERY.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Fancy soap, pocket books, perfumery, Lubin's extracts, cologne, &c., purses, shawl pins, tooth brushes and hair brushes, fine and dressing combs, ladies back combs, wood and horn pocket combs; Jew's harps, violin strings and bridges, thimbles, steel bands, segar cases, rabbits, tin trumpets, linen thread, black silk, slate pencils, suspenders, *snuff* boxes, fish hooks and lines, &c., &c.,

The above, with a hundred other articles, will be sold at Wholesale and Retail for the very lowest rates for Cash. *My motto is small profits and quick sales.* Please give me a call and if my prices don't suit, do not buy. ROBERT A. BAKER,

Erie, Sept. 29, Cheapside, Erie. n20.

HOLD MY HAT, WILL YOU!

JUSTICE STILL IN

THE FIELD ON THE

CASH PRINCIPLE.

THE subscriber would beg leave to inform his friends and the public that he has just opened for the fall, the largest and best *assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS* that has ever been offered in this market and which will be sold at the low st prices for CASH. Much has been said by some in the trade about slop-shop clothing, unprecedented success in cutting custom work, &c. Not wishing to be considered foolish, we cut short by saying to those who wish to have their clothing made *to order*, that they can have their measures taken, and Clothing made, and if not pleased with them when finished, they will not *be asked* to take them away. We dont wish our friends to think we are gasing, but would have them CALL AND EXAMINE goods and prices for themselves. We will be happy at all times to show our goods and compare prices, cut or make with the best in this or any other city. We will have at all times, a large and good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING Consisting of Dress and Frock Coats, Over Coats, Business Coats, Sack Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Cravats, Suspenders, Lamb's Wool Under Shirts and Drawers, &c., &c., Which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Persons wishing to purchase Clothing for CASH will do well to call and examine Goods and Prices. My clothing is cut by myself and all made in Erie, and is warranted to be as well made as any shop in the place can make. We do not wish to boast, but invite comparison. The subscriber is determined to sell for CASH, and CASH ONLY, Which must be obvious to all men to be the only true method of doing a Retail business, protecting, as it does both the buyer and the seller against losses consequent upon the credit system.

Custom work and cutting done to order on reasonable terms.

JOHN M. JUSTICE.

Erie, Sept. 29, 1849. n29.

No. 1, REED HOUSE,

Importation upon Importation!!

FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS, START NOT!

THE New Goods we are receiving were imported, not, however by ourselves, from any farther east than New York, where even in that great emporium many an *importer* has, to his utter dismay, seen his goods selling in the auction room at two-thirds their cost. Our Goods, we observe, were purchased in New York and here is our motto:

WE WILL CONTINUE TO UNDERSELL AS USUAL!

Let the arrivals purport to be from Manufacturers, direct from Europe, or direct from Asia, across the Pacific, or across the Atlantic —Let the manifest be pulled on the high road to Pleasure system, by *advertisements bearing the devices of Empires,* Kingdoms or Republics, and displayed by Old Jews, New Jews, or Gentiles, in one or two, or even eight room stores, No. 1, Reed House will *maintain* the well earned reputation of the CHEAPEST!

A large stock of Dry Goods already opened for examination, and many more coming. In fact our *importations* will not close until the demand ceases.

J. D. CLARK.

Erie, Sept 29, 1849. 20

No. 1, Commercial Exchange,

FRENCH STREET, ERIE, *Sept*, 29, 1849.

THE New Goods are coming—coming—coming, and will soon all be here, crowding the shelves and show cases, and covering the tables and boxes in imposing piles from one end of the room known as the "OLD JEW STORE," on French street, to the other. In truth the largest, prettiest and cheapest Stock of Goods ever brought to this town will be ready for inspection and sale at my store in a few days. My friends will be pleased to learn that I have made arrangement for importing my China and Glass Ware (not from Buffalo) from Europe. I am looking for the first invoice every day. Among the goods received and opened, a few will be noted:

French, English and German Merinoes and Cashmers, satin stripe and changeable Mohair Goods, Alpacas of every color and shade, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid Worsted Shawls, Black Thibet and plaid Long Shawls, plain and plaid black Italian and Grode Rhine Silks, checked and chamelon Silks, satin Turk silk Velvet Trimmings, sewing silk Fringes, Turky Red Drapery and Borders embroidered curtain Muslins, bonnet and belt Ribbons, purse Steel, steel Clasps and beads, &c., &c.,

Also, French Broadcloth and Doeskins and Fancy Cassimeres Merino, Cashmere, embroidered and figured Silk Vestings, Silk Velvet and heavy Satins Vestings.

In a few days I will receive 25 pieces of Ingrain Venetian and Tapestry Carpets also, a few pieces Floor Oil Cloths, which I will sell at Buffalo prices.

MOSES KOCH.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Erie county, will be sold at public vendue on the premises, on Tuesday, the 23d, day of October, all the interest of Betsey, Hiram and Sally Hogle, minors under the age of fourteen years, being each the one undivided tenth part to the following described property: Seventy five acres of land in Conneaut township, Erie county, bounded and described as follows: *On the west by the State Line,* on the north by the State road, on the East by the land of Sampson Pope, and on the South by lands of James Kennedy. The land is subject to a small balance of purchase money now due

Terms made known on day of sale.

HIRAM MARCY, Guardian.

By order of the Court, August 6, 1849.

3t20 JAMES SKINNER, Clerk.

TAILORING WELL DONE AND CHEAP.

THE undersigned respectfully tenders his thanks to the public for their liberal patronage, and begs leave to inform his friends that he still continues the Tailoring Business at his old Stand, a few doors east of the Erie Bank, and solicits a continuance of past favors. Having received the Fall and Winter Fashions, he is prepared to execute all orders entrusted to his care in the latest and most approved style. The subscriber having no work done except under his own eye, pledges himself to give complete satisfaction to his customers, and in all cases where he fails to do so, to pay for the goods.

Ladies desirous of having either Riding or Traveling Habits made to order, and the latest in and neatest style, will do well to give him a call.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLOTHING made to order.

N. B. CUTTING on the shortest notice and at the usual price.

JOHN GOULDING.

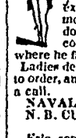
Erie, sept. 22, 1849. 16.

FIRST IN MARKET.

MRS. WARD. has just received this morning, the Latest Styles of Fall Ribbons. Also, China Pearl Tulip Braid Bonnets, which will be sold at Buffalo prices.

Erie, Sept., 15, 1847.

TAILORING.



THE subscriber tenders his thanks to his Patrons for past favors, and takes this method of informing them that he still continues the above business at

No. 7, Park Row, Reed House.

The Fashions for 1849 & '50 are just received and he considers himself perfectly competent to imitate the present modes in a satisfactory manner. Regular Journeymen Tailors only are employed in making COATS at *this shop. His prices are as low as at any respectable Custom Shop* in the United States, and will always be found uniform. *This is unquestionably the best place for a man to* get fine Cloth made up to order, as the subscriber has nothing to do with *Slop Clothing.* The *Custom* branch exclusively being his business, the public are very respectfully solicited to leave their *orders here* for any thing in the above line. Unprecedented success in CUTTING *warrants the subscriber in anticipating a continuance* of the favors of all who wish good clothes.

NAVAL and MILITARY UNIFORMS made in the best possible manner, having had much exper ence in this particular branch.

CUTTING, for others to make up, will be done as usual with great care.

Erie, Sept. 15, 1849. G. B. KEENE.

Wanted immediately, 4 or 5 regular Journeymen who understand making fashionable clothes. None other than good mechanics need apply. K.

FOR SALE.

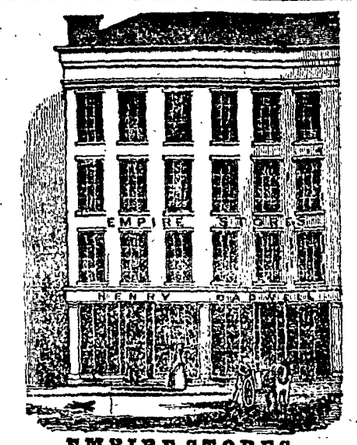
ONE of G. A. Prince's celebrated improved MELODIANS. For terms inquire of Mrs. Brunkers, corner of Fifth and Peach streets.

Erie, Sept. 16, 1849. 3t18.

EMPIRE AHEAD AGAIN.

RECEIVED this day by Express at the Empire Stores, a Splendid assortment of *Dress* Satins and Silks, Bonnet Satins, Silk Vestings, Muslin Delanes, Cashmires, Terlions, Barred Muslin, Silk, and Linnen Edgings, a new style of Velvet Ribbon and Gimps for Trimming Dresses, Black Belt Ribbons, &c. &c.

Erie, Sept. 15, 1848. H. CADWELL.



EMPIRE STORES.

FOR CASH NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

LETTER FROM MR. CADWELL.

New York, Sept. 4, 1849.

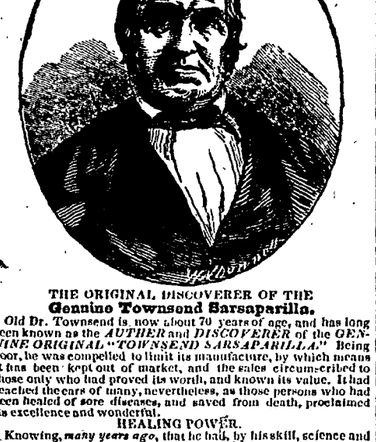
Mr. Bennett—Sir: Before this you have received 14 tons of Iron per sch. Snead. There are 10 tons more at Buffalo. The balance of the 50 tons of our importation of Hardware, Chains, Crockery, &c., are now in port and will soon be shipped on the Canal. Files are one fourth of a pound sterling below last import, chain a shade lower. In fact all kinds of goods have advanced since ours were invoiced. When the fact is known to the consumer that by importing our Goods we save 15 or 20 per cent. from New York Jobbers prices, we shall draw trade at least 75 miles around. There are but few goods imported to Buffalo or Pittsburgh—at any rate we can compete with any of them, and some of our Goods we can sell a shade lower this fall. Let our motto be, for cash not be undersold this side of the Atlantic. H. CADWELL.

CAUT. ON EXTRA.

A man by the name of *CLAPP* has engaged with a young man of the name of S. P. Townsend, and uses his name to put up a Sarsaparilla which they call Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, denominating it *GENUINE,* Original, ect. This Townsend is no doctor, and never was; but was formerly a worker on railroads, canals, and the like. Yet he assumes the title of Dr., for the purpose of gaining credit for what he is not This is to caution the public not to be deceived, and *purchase none but the GENUINE ORIGINAL OLD* Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla, having on it the *Old Dr's.* likeness, his family coat of arms, and his signature across the coat of arms.

Principal Office, 102 Nassau st., New York City.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND,



THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE

Genuine Townsend Sarsaparilla.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the *ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERER* of the *GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."* Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth, and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful

HEALING POWER.

Knowing, *many years ago,* that he had, by his skill, science and experience, devised an article which would be of incalculable advantage to mankind when the means would be furnished to bring it into unniversal notice, when its encalculable virtues would be known and appreciated. This time has come, the means are supplied; this

GRAND AND UNEQUALLED PREPARATION

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land, especially as it is found incapable of degeneration or deterioration.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better: because it is prepared *on scientific principles by a scientific man.* The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the Old Dr's. Sarsaparilla. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medical properties, and some properties which are inert or useless, and others, which if retained in preparing it for use, produce *fermentation* and *acid,* which is injurious to the system.—Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so *volatile,* that they *entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not* preserved by a *scientific process,* known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these *volatile principles,* which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very *essential medical properties* of the root, which give to it all its value.

Any person can boil or stew the root till they get a dark colored liquid, which is more from the coloring matter in the root than from anything else: they can then strain this insipid or vapid liquid, sweeten with sour molasses, and then call it "SARSAPARILLA EXTRACT or SYRUP." But such is not the article known as the

GENUINE OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form, and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations of every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of

CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and *LIVER COMPLAINT;* and in *RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, PILES, COSTIVENESS,* all *CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,* and all affections arising from

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

It possesses a marvelous efficacy in all complaints arising from *Indigestion,* from *Acidity of the Stomach,* from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not its equal in *Colds* and *Coughs;* and promotes easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

It works wonders in cases of *Flour Albus* or *Whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Surpressed,* or *Painful Menses, Irregularity* of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is as effectual in curing all the forms of *Kidney Disease.*

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, thus cures all forms of

Nervous diseases and debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other maladies, as *Spinal irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.*

It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflamation, purifies the skin, equalises the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. In not this then

The medicine you pre-eminently need!

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

COMPARED WITH THE OLD DR'S.

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETERIORATION, and

NEVER SPOILS,

while the other DOES; *souring, fermenting,* and *blowing the bottles* containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not these horrible compounds be poisonous in the system!—*What put acid into a system already diseased with acid!* What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know that when food sours in our stomachs, what miseries it produces? flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven, but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism but a sour or acid fluid which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, or deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now is it not horrible to make and sell, and *infinitely worse* to use this

SOURING, FERMENTING, ACID "COMPOUND" OF S. P. TOWNSEND,

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla,* is an IMITATION of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's *article!* and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminations *from Agents* who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING *COMPOUND.*

We wish it understood, because it is the *absolute truth,* that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are *heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dis-similar;* that they are *unlike* in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmaceutist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what *guarantee* can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are in capable of *changes* which might render them the AGENTS of Disease instead of health,

But what else should be expected from one who knows nothing comparatively of medicine or disease! It requires a person of some experience to cook and serve up even a common decent meal. How much more important is it that the persons who manufacture medicine, designed for

Weak Stomachs and Enfeebled Systems,

should know well the medical properties of plants, the best manner of securing and concentrating their healing virtues, also an extensive knowledge of the various *diseases* which affect the human system, and how to adapt remedies to these diseases!

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom, and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has *BOUGHT* and *FOUND* the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal.

For sale by J. H. Burton, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

Erie, July 14, 1849. 9

SHOES.—The Ladies can find at No. 1 Reed House, some new styles of Walking Shoes; also, a good assortment of Children's Shoes and Gaiters...Please call and examine, J. D. CLARK,

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

RASCALITY AND DECEPTION.

LET EVERY ONE READ THIS CAREFULLY.

THERE is a Sarsaparilla for sale called old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It is advertised as the original, &c. This is a notorious falsehood. Dr. Townsend has expended over $300,000 the last eight years in advertising his Sarsaparilla, which has obtained a character and reputation throughout the United States and a greater part of the world—the sale being enormous.

This excited the cupidity of certain *unprincipled men,* and an *old man who* was engaged in peddling cheap publications about the streets of New York, for a number of years. This man's name is *Jacob Townsend. He applied to* a number of men to get employment, or to sell the use of his name, to put up Dr. Townsend's *Sarsaparilla,* stating the large sales and sums we had expended in advertising, as an inducement to embark into the business. Among others, he applied to Charles Watrous, Esq., Editor of the Jamaica Farmer, *who scorned such a proposition.* Mr. H. G. ANDREWS, formerly one of the proprietors of McAllister's Ointment, RALPH POMEROY, *formerly Cashier* and Financier of the broken Shin-Plaster Bank at Bellville, New Jersey, JOHN SKILLMAN, and WILLIAM THOMPSON, under the name of THOMPSON, SKILLMAN & Co., have employed this old man, and agreed, we understand, to pay him seven dollars a week for the use of his name. These men have been insulting and libeling us in all possible forms, in hopes we would notice them, and bring them and their decoction into market. Let the public decide upon the course of these *honest and honorable men.*

ONE OF THEIR TRICKS.

They say that Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla sours and ferments —this is false; as we have kept it through the whole year in New Orleans, Texas, Mexico, South America and the West Indies—in fact the older it grows the better it becomes. We made a few bottles by mistake, last Spring, that spoiled. This we regretted, and exchanged as soon as possible; such an accident will never occur again. This they attempt to make a great story of, and say that the whole of our Sarsaparilla sours, &c., when they are aware *that they are publishing falsehoods.*

ANOTHER TRICK.

We went to an expense of five hundred dollars to get up a splendid steel engraving for our label, and had the portrait of Dr. Townsend cut it to distinguish it from all others, and prevent mistakes. These men are now getting up a label on steel, with a portrait of old Jacob Townsend—let the public decide upon such transactions, and let them remember that *none is genuine and the original,* unless signed with the name of S. P. Townsend. The plate is engraved on steel and contains the portrait of Dr. Townsend, three female figures, and a view of our factory. The spurious has no factory or female figures.

Dr. Townsend no Physician.

These men also publish that Dr. Townsend is no physician; this like all other statements, are false. Dr. Townsend attended two of the best Medical Schools in the country, has studied the different theories of medicine and practiced for the last fifteen years; has experimented several years, and expended large sums in bringing his medicines to perfection.

This old Jacob Townsend,

They are endeavoring to palm off on the public as an old physician, &c. He is no physician, and never attempted to manufacture a medicine until these men hired him for the use of his name. They say they do not wish the people to believe that their Sarsaparilla *is ours, or the same—but the better;to deceive the public,* they at the same time assert that theirs is the old Dr. Townsend's, and the original; and endeavor to make the people believe that the stuff they manufacture is the Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla that has performed so *many wonderful cures for the past ten years,* and which has gained a reputation which no other medicine ever enjoyed—which is a base, villainous, unprincipled falsehood. We have commenced *suits against these men for damages.* We wish it to be understood, that the old man is no connection of Dr. Townsend whatever. In their advertisements and circulars they publish *a number of gross falsehoods* respecting Dr. Townsend, which we will not notice.

FALSE REPORTS.

Our opponents have published in the papers, that Dr. S. P. Townsend was dead—this they send to their agents about the country, who report that we have given up business, &c., &c. The public should be on their guard, and not be deceived by these unprincipled men.

OUR COURSE.

Being satisfied by the experiments and the results of the medicine in eradicating disease, we resolved to place it before the world. At that time all of the Sarsaparillas for sale was put up in small vials of four and five ounces, and sold for one dollar per bottle. We could afford to sell a quart bottle of the purest and best article for the same. We resolved to do so and was laughed at and our Sarsaparilla called molasses and water by the other manufacturers, who said it could not be afforded for the price. A few years, and they learned the difference of this. Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla almost entirely superceeded the others, being infinitely better, and five times the quantity for the same price. Of late these men have made a great discovery, which is, that they have been selling a smaller vial of medicine for one dollar, which they could afford for twenty or twenty-five cents. For this same men now put up their Sarsaparilla in Quart bottles, very nearly resembling ours, for the same price as they formerly sold the small ones, and ask the people to purchase. The people are not so green however. They have copied our labels, circulars, and shape of the bottles as near as they dare. Their course and ours we leave for a discerning public to ach upon.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

Dr. Townsend having ten years since discovered a new formula of compounding the Sarsaparilla with other ingredients, and succeeded in producing a fluid that resembled in its action upon the digestive organs, the saliva, or gastic juice of the human body.—A liquid, when taken into the system, created new, rich, and pure blood—which toned and strengthened the whole, and create new life—for the blood is the life—resolved, after three years of experiments, to bring it before the public. Sanguine that it required only to be known to be appreciated, being thoroughly convinced that to cleanse, purify and strengthen the circulation, was the great secret of eradicating disease. Guided by these principles to the discovery of Dr. Townsend's Compound of the Sarsaparilla. Satisfied that by diminishing the quantity of blood in the system, the life also was diminished, and that the true theory was to produce a healthy circulation. The theory having proved true, it is adopted wholly or in part, at present, by a large number of medical gentlemen, and the remedies more efficacious than we anticipated—hence the wonderful success of this medicine.

THE ROOT WE USE.

We use the best Honduras Sarsaparilla. The last year we purchased more than ten times the amount of Sarsaparilla of all other Sarsaparilla manufacturers in America. Mr. Blonca, Esq., a merchant in the Honduras trade, has exported fresh and direct from Honduras for us. Messrs. Burr, Waterman & Co., No. 109, South street, have fitted up expensive and extensive machinery to rasp by steam the heart of the Guaish, or Ignuanitze wood. They furnish us over 1,500 barrels the last season. Our Yellow Dock, which we use a great quantity of, is cultivated in fields by the Shakers at New Lebanon and Hancock, and consequently the very best —far better than is generally used. We employ over one hundred men and boys collecting Roots, &c. in the proper seasons. Indeed all our arrangements are the most perfect and complete of any other similar establishment in the world, and our medicine is unequalled,

IMPROVEMENTS.

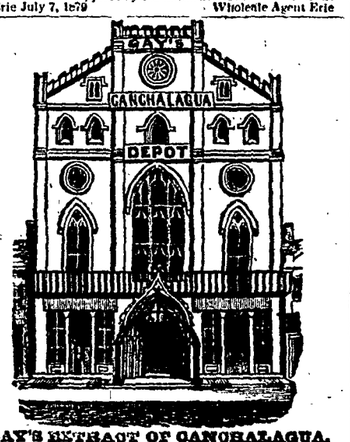
We have at our manufactory all machinery that is required to make the very best medicine from the Sarsaparilla that was ever produced. We have powerful steam engines to grind out and extract the root. We also have extensive vats for settling and filling, &c., such as were never before used in the preparation of any medicine. No other manufacturer of Sarsaparilla has steam power to manufacture by.

☞The above Sarsaparilla is sold by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House, Erie, who are the only authorized agents for Erie county. 3m10

Osgoods India Cholagogue.

AT the whole sale price by the dozen at J. H. BURTON'S.

Erie July 7, 1849 Wholesale Agent Erie



GAY'S EXTRACT OF CANCHALAGUA,

A Californian plant of Rare Medical Virtues.

A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE AND CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE, CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, *Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Lumbago, Paralysis, Pleurisy, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Dysentery, Dropsy, Liver Complaints, Bilious Complaints, Nervous Affections, Cutaneous Disorders, Fevers in General, Hemorrhages, Obstructions, Fluxes, Inflammation, Depraved and Defective Appetites, and all diseases originating in*

Constipation of the Bowels or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

It gives TONE and VIGOR to the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, and is remarkable for its ANIMATING, STRENGTHENING, and RESTORATIVE PROPERTIES.

Publicly admitted by Dr. Townsend, Manufacturer of "Townsend's Sarsaparilla," to be

"FAR BETTER THAN SARSAPARILLA."

☞In corboration of the above, read the annexed communication, as

CONCLUSIVE TESTIMONY AND PROOF POSITIVE.

From the Graefenberg Company.

SIR.—You are aware that, as the originator of the *Graefenberg Company,* I must have had my attention called to the numerous Medicines presented to the public for patronage. I have watched with much interest the introduction of the *Canchalagua* into this country by yourself; and am free to say that no Medicine stands so deservedly high as your extract of that invaluable plant. In *my own family* I have seen its extraordinary efficacy, in the cure of a confirmed case of BRONCHITIS. For all complaints which require the prompt and thorough purification of the blood, I deem your CANCHALAGUA FAR, VERY FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY AND ALL THE SARSAPARILLAS OF THE DAY, AND WITH THEM ALL I AM WELL ACQUAINTED. J. T. MARSHALL.

☞Pamphlets containing a Description of California, together with interesting information in relation to the CANCHALAGUA, its remarkable efficacy and cures, are GIVEN AWAY at the AGENCIES.

Sold by Carter & Brother, Agents, Erie, Pa., 3m17

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphan's Court of Erie County, will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday, Oct., 29, A. D. 1849, at Bosworth's (late Hurt's) tavern near the premises, the following described property, to wit:—All the follow described piece of land situate and being in the township of Harborcreek, in said county: bounded on the north and east by land of Jose

The Erie Weekly Observer,

IS PUBLISHED

BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

Single subscribers by the carrier, at $2.00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1.50
If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.
All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year,	$3,00
One square " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till ordered and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THOS. H. STUART, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, office on the corner of Peach, and 6th sts., Erie Pa., 6t13

S. R. DEWEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Dry Goods, second door below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.,

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

WILSON LAIRD.
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office over J. H. Williams' exchange office, next door to Judge Thompson's office.
Collecting and other professional business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY THE EAGLE, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

ROBERT A. BAKER.
WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Nails, Detroit Ale, Buiscuit, Crackers, &c. &c, Cheapside, Erie Pa.

J. GOALDING.
MERCHANT TAILOR and Habit Maker.—Store, South side of the Public Squhre, three doors East of the Erie Bank.

H. B. HAVERSTICK.
No. 2, Reed House, Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c.

T. W. MOORE,
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

ALFRED KING.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL dealer in Groceries, Boat Stores, Provisions, and Pittsburgh manufactured articles; No. 2, Fleming Block, and 7th street, Canal Basin, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counseller at Law, (Office in Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES.—A. P. DURTIS, Esq., BENJAMIN GRANT, Esq.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office, 4 doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 144½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Edward H. Sanford, Esq., 53 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,
DEALER in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,
DEALER in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 124, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
CABINET MAKER Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
GENERAL Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
EDWIN J. KELSO, W. W. LOOMIS.

WALKER & COOK,
GENERAL Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
DEALERS in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. LOOMIS. T. M. AUSTIN

CARTER & BROTHER,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c, No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
DEALER in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 1, Perry Block, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

L. WARREN,
SASH, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 6th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT.
Resident Dentist. Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

MOSES KOCH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie

JOHN H. BURTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

ROBERT S. HUNTER,
DEALER in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.
J. H. WILLIAMS, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Bills of exchange, Certificates of deposite, Gold and Silver coin, will buy and sell current and uncurrent money, negotiate time and sight drafts, make collections on all the Eastern cities, and make remittances at the lowest Banking rates.
Money received on Deposite and Eastern drafts constantly on hand at the lowest rates of premium.
Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvan Bank notes, and those of most other States, bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
Office, four doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie Pa.
Erie, July 1, 1848.

1849.

THROUGH TO BEAVER IN 36 HOURS.
BEAVER AND ERIE DAILY EXPRESS PACKET LINE, TO PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c. &c.,
The above Line is composed of first class PACKET BOATS, leaving Erie Daily at 8 o'clock, A. M. Connecting at Beaver with the River packets for PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c., affording altogether the cheapest, easiest and most pleasant route to all places on the Ohio River.
Office at Brown's Hotel, corner of State street and the Public Square, and the Packet Landing.
W. C. CLELAND, Agent.
Erie May 5, 1849. 51

Drs. L. L. and W. W. Adams
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
HAVING located themselves in the Borough of Erie, will attend to all calls in their profession.
Office and residence on the South West corner of the Dimond, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Faulkner.
N. B Calls from the country attended to promptly.
Erie, April 29, 1849.

FRESH GROCERIES.
JUST received by latest arrival, at the old stand of Hitchcock & Zimmerly, a well selected stock of FRESH GROCERIES, of every description for family use, such as Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Pepper, Alspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmegs, Molasses, Oils, Fish, Flour, Cheese, Tobacco, Fruit, Nuts, which are offered on terms that cannot fail to suit our customers. Please give us a call.
N. B.—All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for groceries.
A. H. HITCHCOCK.
Erie, August 4, 1849.

GINGHAMS.—Scotch, French and American Ginghams, for sale very cheap by S. R. DEWEY.
Erie, August 4, 1849.

100 POUNDS Gum Camphor,
100 do Tartaric Acid,
150 do Picarb Soda,
200 do Cream Tartar,
75 do Oil Origanum,
50 do Gum Opium and Arabic, by
July 21, 1849. CARTER & BROTHER,

PAPER HANGINGS.
RECEIVED this morning a new supply of Paper Hangings, Bordering and Window Paper—some very desirable patrons.
Erie, June 23, 1849. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

MULL and Jaconet Edgings, very nice and cheap at
S. R. DEWEY'S.

Raisins and Figs.
A GOOD article can be fonn at T. W. MOORE'S.
Erie, July 7, 1849.

LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

I Now open with a large and complete assortment of Gold and Silver Watches clocks Gold lockets, Gold pencils, pins, pens, thimbles, Finger rings, Bracelets clasps, slides, snaps, Fob, Guard and Vest Chains, keys, etc. Gold and Silver Specks, silver spoons, Combs, thimbles, pencils, fruit knives, Chains, &c.—Plated fruit baskets, castors, candle sticks, snuffers & tray, spoons britania coffee and tea sets; shell, horn & ivory combs; scissors, shears and pocket knives, razors and razor strops, soaps, perfumery, needles, brushes, steel trusses, beads, clasps, and rings: Steel bags and purses ready made; Accordions, musicle boxes, Violins, and many other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold at much less than the usual prices.

N. B. Pedlars furnished on reasonable terms.

☞ All kinds of Watches and Clocks cleaned, repaired and warranted. Also, Accordeons, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c., repaired at short notice.

For cleaning lever watches, $1 00. Lepine Watches, $0 75
" Common Verge, 50. New main springs, 75 to 1 00
" New Verge, 1 00. Lunette Glass, 25
" Double Flint 18. Common do 12½
" Gold Hands, 25 to 50. New Accordeon Reeds, 25@50

All other jobs done in proportion to the above prices; and warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded, one door East Brown's Eagle Hotel.
Erie Nov. 17, 1848. WM. N. LEWIS 27

NEW GOODS! CHEAP GOODS! GOOD GOODS!
NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK.
Spring and Summer Supply at the New Jew Store,

I, ROSENZWEIG & Co. undismayed by the high sounding "Empire Store," "Wright's Corner," or the "Commercial Exchange," have just returned from the eastern cities, and are now receiving their spring and summer supply of

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c., which they are enabled to offer to their numerous customers and the public generally, at prices far below those of any former season. These goods have all been selected with the greatest care, and will be found to be one of the largest and most splendid stocks of Spring and Summer Goods ever offered in this city. As many of these Goods have been purchased of the importers per the latest arrivals from Europe, the subscribers are confident that they can offer to their customers the very newest styles of Ladies Dress Goods, comprising English, French, Swiss, Irish and Scotch Goods, together with a full assortment of American manufacture, and cheaper than can be found elsewhere.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

Rich Chameleon Silks, extremely low; Rich brocade do. beautiful goods; Rich Grenadines, plain and figured; Glace Silk, rich goods; Foult de Soie, fashionable and late importations; Black Armures, plaid and striped; Brocade Grenadines, rich styles; Mohair Chameleons, figured, (very cheap) Silk Tissues, all colors; Balzarines, in great variety; Paris dotted Lawns for evening dresses; new style rich Mourning Lawns; Organdie Lawns, a beautiful article; black Gros de Rhine, all widths and qualities; black Bombazines of the most approved makes; Paris printed barreges, extremely low; Paris printed Lawns, in great variety; Crapes and Crape Lisse, a full assortment of colors and qualities; together with a large supply of De Laines and Alpacas, some as low as 12½ cents per yard. In addition to the above will be found a beautiful assortment of black Brussels Lace, for trimming dresses, Mantillas and capes. Also, French worked capes, collars and cuffs, latest styles; Victoria Lawns and spotted Swiss, very cheap; Swiss mull, Edging and Book Muslins; Bonnet Ribbon; Belting Ribbon; Cravats; Scarfs; Artificials; Gloves; Mitts, and Hosiery.

SHAWLS:

Embroidere I White Cashmere and Crape Shawls, Plaid and Black Silk Shawls, Black and Colored Mous de Lain Shawls, Satin Plaid Berage Shawls, France Cashmere Shawls, and Plain and Embroidered Black and Colored Silk Fringe Thibbet Shawls!

PARASOLS! PARASOLS! !

The largest, cheapest and best assortment in the City. Parasols from the lowest to the most splendid, rich and costly article, of the newest styles and colors, can always be found at this Establishment.

DOMESTIC AND STAPLE GOODS.

A Large stock of Calico, from 6 cents to 10 cents per yard; Bleached and unbleached Muslins, from 6 cents upward; Red Tickings and Checks, a full supply of all qualities and prices, Irish Linens; Table Damask, Russia and Scotch Diapers; Napkins: Table Diapers; Crash and Dowins; Scotch and Manchester Ginghams; Satinetts; Kentucky Jeans, and Blue Drills; all of which will be sold off at prices that cannot fail to please and without fear of competition.

CLOTHING FOR THE MILLION!

Under this head we have now on hand, ready for sale, the *largest, most fashionable and varied assortment* of READY-MADE CLOTHING ever offered in Erie; all of which have been selected under our immediate inspection, PRICES THAT MUST OBTAIN A PREFERENCY—together with one of the choicest selections of Imported fine Black, Blue, Brown, Olive and Drab French, Belgian and English CLOTHS, that has ever been brought to this city. Also, Black and Fancy French Cassimeres; New Style Fancy Vestings and Cravats; Silk Under Shirts and Drawers; Linen Cambric and Silk Handkerchiefs, and a fine assortment of Gloves, Hosiery, and Suspenders.

☞ Dont forget the place New Jew Store, No. 1, Fleming Block State Street.
Erie, April 22, 1849. 50

BRASS CLOCKS.
EIGHT DAY and 30 Hour Clocks, various styles of cases, at greatly reduced prices.
Also, Marine, Circular and other Fine Pieces for sale low by
G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie April 7, State Street.

NO YANKEE HUMBUG!
Fairbanks' Genuine Scale Manufactory!!
The subscribers having purchased Fairbanks' celebrated genuine scale patents, and employed a workman—Mr. Brooks, who has had a long experience in their manufacture, beg leave to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish to order an article superior to any thing of the kind ever offered in this market.
The subscribers would also caution their friends against purchasing worthless articles purporting to be Fairbanks' scale from irresponsible itinerant yankee pedlers—*we manufacture the genuine article.* The following are our prices.

Hay Scales, of 4 Tons draft,	$80
Coal Scales, of 1 ton draft,	40
Platform Scales, 1500 lbs. draft,	35
Do. do do 1200 lbs. draft,	30
Do. do. do. on trucks, with hoisting lever and set on trucks,	40
Do. do do 1200 lbs. draft,	30
Do. do. do. on trucks, with hoisting lever,	35
Fairbanks' *American* Scale, 1500 lbs.	32
Do. do. do. 1200 lbs.	28
Do. do. do. 1500, on trucks with hoisting lever,	37
Do. do. do. 500 lbs.	16
Flour Packing Scale, 500 lbs.	20
Counter Scales, ¼ oz. to 200 lbs., platform,	8
Do ½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform & Scoop,	10
Dale's Counter Scale, brass lever, ½ oz. to 50 lbs. draft,	6

All the above articles *warranted.* Those wishing to obtain a good and *reliable* Scale are requested to give us a call at No 104 French street, nearly opposite the Farmers Hotel.
C. A. BENNET & CO.
Erie, May 26, 1849. 3

CASH FOR LUMBER.
THE highest market price will be paid for any quantity of White Wood, Black Walnut and Cherry Lumber and Staves, delivered at my store, on the corner opposite Brown's Hotel.
June 9. C. H. WRIGHT.

WHITE LEAD IN OIL.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand B. A. Fahnestock & Co's warranted, pure White Lead, and is prepared to sell it by the quantity at a small advance from Pittsburgh cost, by the single Keg, (25 pounds,) at two dollars. This brand is now considered the *best* in market. A supply received nearly every week, and consequently he has at all times FRESH.
Erie, June 2, 1849. J. H. BURTON.

12,000 Yards of Cloth & Cassimere at the Erie Woolen Factory.
READY to be exchanged for WOOL by the subscribers at their usual rates of exchange. They have a variety of Plaid and Fancy Stripes of the latest Eastern patterns for Gents, Pants and Boys Clothing; also, a good variety of all-wool Tweeds, for summer wear. We will also manufacture, the present season, at the following prices in cash, viz: For black, brown, grey and steel-mixed cloth, 31¼ cents per yard; cassimere of same colors, 93 cents; white Flannel 25 cents, and dressed Flannel 31 cts. per yard.
MEHAFFEY & BREWSTER.
Erie, June 9, 1849.

EASTERN NAILS!—The undersigned are now selling a superior Eastern Nail, from 1d to 10d, 8 and 10d Fence and Floor Nails, 6d, 8d and 10d wrought Nails; also, assorted sizes barn door and wagon box Rivets, for sale low, at No 3 Reed House.
Erie, June 2. REED & SANFORD.

The "Nimble Sixpence" Store.
WHICH is better than the slow shilling, as I have said before. Therefore I offer the following articles very low for Cash, and a great many others which cannot be enumerated in an advertisement viz:
Crockery of all kinds, cap and letter paper, from $2 25 up to $4 50 per ream according to quality; combs for Ladies and gentlemen, Clark's spool Cotton, Coffee, four different kinds; herring by the box, mackerel, "Fall River" nails, 4d to 12d, at 5 cents per pound, coal Shovels, manure forks, grain scoops, bristles of all kinds, tooth brushes, ls. each; hair brushes, slates and slate pencils, knives and forks for 81 per sett, hair lines, globe lanterns, for 5, 6 and 7 shillings each; a good assortment of Wooden Ware, such as wooden bowls and boxes, lemon squeezers, beef steak pounders, rolling pins, mudders, soap dishes, &c., &c., and a hundred other "notions." Call and see for yourselves and if they do not suit, don't buy. All these can be found at R. A. BAKER'S,
Erie, July 21, 1849. Cheapside.

ARROW ROOT, Sago, Pearl Barley, Oat Meal, Tapioca Vermicilla, by CARTER & BROTHER.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES
FOR CASH AND PRODUCE
AT POWERS' NEW YORK STORE,
NO. 6, BONNELL BLOCK,
State St. Erie, Pa., (one door above Lester, Sennet & Chester's)

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Erie, and the adjacent country, to the fact that he is offering at wholesale or retail, a new, desirable, and general assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, &c. &c., AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

My arrangements in *New York* are such as to enable me to keep my assortment full, particularly STAPLE DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES. *Remember,* I shall sell *Goods Cheap,* for the proof of which please *CALL AND EXAMINE.* All goods warranted as represented, or the money will be refunded.
☞ *CASH PAID FOR GOOD DAIRY BUTTER,* at all times and for most other kinds of *Produce.*
S. B. POWERS.
Erie, July 13, 1849.

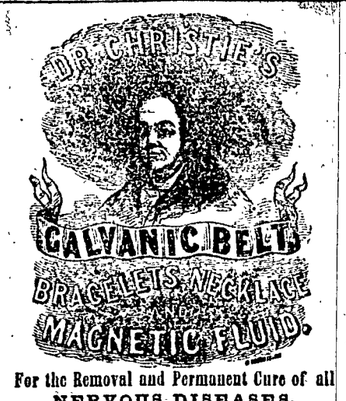
FARMERS! LOOK AT THIS!
Thrashing Machines and Horse Power.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is engaged in manufacturing Threshing Machines and Horse Power of different kinds, which he keeps constantly on hand for sale at reasonable prices, warranted to do as good work as any in the western country. Persons wishing to purchase either of the above articles will do well to call on the subscriber one door east of the Halfway House in Harborcreek, Erie Co., Pa.
EZRA THROOP.
Harborcreek, September, 1, 1848. 3m16

A CARD.
Whipple's Daguerreian Gallery,
OVER THE ERIE BANK.

IS now open for the reception of visitors. Those who want a good Daguerreotype for a mere trifle, should embrace the earliest opportunity to secure one or more of these mementoes of life, which under the trying circumstances of a final separation from friends no price can Purchase.
Erie, Sept 1.

STRAY STEER.
CAME to the enclosure of the subscriber, in Harborcreek Township, on the on the 17th day of August, a deep red steer, supposed to be three years old, a crop off the right ear. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take him away.
JESSE SALTSMAN.
Harborcreek, September 1, 1849. 3t16

GLOVES.—Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, &c., a fine assortment at
S. R. DEWEY'S.
Erie, August 4, 1849,



For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all
NERVOUS DISEASES,
And of those Complaints which are caused by an impaired, weakened or unhealthy condition of the
NERVOUS SYSTEM.

This beautiful and convenient application of the mysterious powers of GALVANISM and MAGNETISM, has been pronounced by distinguished physicians, both in Europe and the United States, to be the *most valuable medicinal discovery of the age.*

Dr. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT
and
MAGNETIC FLUID,
is used with the most perfect and certain success in all cases of
GENERAL DEBILITY,
Strengthening the weakened body, *giving tone to the various organs,* and invigorating the entire system. Also in
FITS, CRAMP, PARALYSIS AND PALSY,
Dyspepsia or Indigestion,
RHEUMATISM, Acute and Chronic, GOUT, EPILEPSY, LUMBAGO, DEAFNESS, NERVOUS TREMORS, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, APOPLEXY, NEURALGIA, PAINS in the SIDE and CHEST,
Liver Complaint,
SPINAL COMPLAINT, and CURVATURE of the SPINE, HIP COMPLAINT, DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, DEFICIENCY OF NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL ENERGY,
and all
Nervous Diseases,
which complaints arise from one simple cause, namely,
A Derangement of the Nervous System.

☞ In NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, Drugs and Medicines *increase the disease,* for they weaken the vital energies of the already prostrated system; while under the strengthening, life-giving, vitalizing influences of Galvanism, as applied by this beautiful and wonderful discovery, the exhausted patient and weakened sufferer is restored to former health, strength, elasticity and vigor.

The great peculiarity and excellence of
Dr. Christie's Galvanic Curatives,
consists, in the fact that they arrest and cure disease by *outward application,* in place of the usual mode of drugging and physicking the patient, till exhausted Nature sinks hopelessly under the infliction.
They strengthen the whole system, equalize the circulation of the blood, promote the secretions, and never do the slightest injury under any circumstances. Since their introduction in the United States, only three years since, more than
60,000 Persons
including all ages, classes and conditions, among which were a large number of ladies, who are peculiarly subject to Nervous Complaints, have been
ENTIRELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED,
when all hope of relief had been given up, and every thing else been tried in vain!

To illustrate the use of the **GALVANIC BELT,** suppose the case of a person afflicted with that bane of civilization, DYSPEPSIA, or any other Chronic or Nervous Disorder. In ordinary cases, stimulants are taken, which, by their action on the nerves and muscles of the stomach, afford *temporary* relief, but which leave the patient in a lower state, and with injured faculties; after the action thus excited has ceased. Now compare this with the effect resulting from the application of the GALVANIC BELT. Take a Dyspeptic sufferer, even in the worse symptoms of an attack, and simply tie the Belt around the body, using the Magnetic Fluid as directed. In a short period the insensible perspiration will act on the positive element of the Belt, thereby causing a Galvanic circulation which will pass on to the negative, and thence back again to the positive, thus keeping up a continuous Galvanic circulation throughout the system. Thus the most severe cases of DYSPEPSIA are PERMANENTLY CURED. A FEW DAYS IS OFTEN AMPLY SUFFICIENT TO ERADICATE THE DISEASE OF YEARS.

Certificates and Testimonials
From the most Respectable Sources,
Could be given, sufficient to fill every column in this paper We make a few selections.

RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.
Seven Cases Cured!!!
In one Village.

CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT will cure every case, no matter how severe or chronic. Skeptics are referred to the following.

A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.
No. 1.

The following letter is from Mr. Alonzo D. Felter, of Kingston, N. Y., a gentleman of high respectability and influence.

KINGSTON, Ulster Co., N. Y., Jan. 24, 1848

To DR. A. H. CHRISTIE—

About the first of November last I called at your office and purchased one of your Galvanic Belts, and I am happy to say that it has made a new man of me. For years I have been troubled with RHEUMATISM, very severe, and *a general weakness of the whole system,* and *very nervous,* with pain in the head, so severe that I would have to take to my bed three or four times a week, astonished at the perfect and wonderful cure wrought on me. I never was better in my life than now, and I know that this is altogether owing to your GALVANIC BELT, for I had had the best physicians, and had tried every thing previous to using it, without effect.

* * * * * * *

Very respectfully, ALONZO D. FELTER.

☞ In consequence of the benefits experienced by himself, Mr. FELTER procured a number of the GALVANIC BELTS, and having disposed of them among his friends, thus writes:

No. 2.

KINGSTON, May 6, 1849.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

You ask me to give you an account of the success of your GALVANIC BELTS in this region. I can truly say that they continue to do wonders; hundreds wear them, and *I do not know of a solitary case of failure in their use.* I sold a Belt and the Magnetic Fluid to a lady here some weeks since. She had a complication of nervous disorders, and was very low. Dr. Nelson attended her, but did her no good; and the Doctor blew out somewhat lustily when I got the belt and ridiculed it; but *the lady used the Belt and was cured.* Now this Doctor and the Dyspepsia for a great while, and could not cure himself, but gets this lady's Belt, wishes it kept a secret, puts it on himself, and it did him so much good, that yesterday he called on me and got one for his wife.

No. 3.

Miss VANDEMARK, of this town, lay all winter with the Rheumatism. She got to be perfectly helpless. Every one who saw her said she could not live. She sent for a GALVANIC BELT—put it on—used the Fluid freely, and in EIGHT DAYS SAT WITH OUT VISITING, AND IS TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK! The Doctor who attended Miss V., hooted at the Belt, but now says there is certainly a remarkable curative power in your Belts.

No. 4.

Mr. John Eman, merchant of this place, was reduced to a mere skeleton, by Dysposnia and general chronic disease; he got a Belt and the Fluid, and *is now as healthy a man as we have got in Kingston.* He has spent large sums of money in various nostrums previously, but they all proved useless.

No. 5.

An old gentleman by the name of Newkirk, *had the Dyspepsia for thirty years.* He tells me that he could not eat any thing without its rising on his stomach; he was very much emaciated and looked miserable; but he purchased a Belt from me, and after wearing it 3 or 4 weeks, he drove up to the door and said he had come to thank me for selling him CHRISTIE'S BELT, as it had made a well man of him. He says that he now eats and digests perfectly, and that he *is as hearty as* any of his neighbors. He is about 60 years of age.

No. 6.

Mr. Wood, of Marbletown, was drown up with Croup and Rheumatism, so that he could not move. His brother got a Belt for him, and in one week he was so well that he was about attending to his business. He says *it is the greatest thing on earth.*

No. 7.

The wife of Mr. Joseph King, of Kingston, has been complaining of lassitude and general weakness for several years, and also troubled with indigestion. She got the Belt and Fluid, and Mr. King told me this day, that his wife was like another woman, it had done her so much good. I could give you a great many more cases, equally successful, but I suppose these will be sufficient. I may say that I never was engaged in any business that has been so fortunate and satisfactory to all concerned.

Very truly yours, ALONZO D. FELTER.

To A. H. CHRISTIE, M. D., New-York.

☞ Many hundred Certificates from all parts of the country of equally extraordinary character could be given.
☞ No trouble or inconvenience attends the use of *DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC ARTICLES,* and they may be worn by the most feeble and delicate with perfect ease and safety. In many cases the sensation attending their use is *highly pleasant and agreeable.* They can be sent to any part of the country.

Prices:

The Galvanic Belt,	Three Dollars.
The Galvanic Necklace,	Two Dollars.
The Galvanic Bracelets,	One Dollar Each.
The Magnetic Fluid,	One Dollar.

☞ The articles are accompanied by full and plain directions. Pamphlets with full particulars may be had of the authorized Agent.

PARTICULAR CAUTION.
☞ *Beware of Counterfeits and Worthless Imitations*
D. C. MORSHEAD, M. D.,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES,
183 Broadway, New York.
For sale in Erie, only by the authorized agents
CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House.
Erie, Dec. 16, 1848. 1y31

Fahnestock & McLane's Vermifuge,
CAN be had by the dozen at Manufacturers price, at
Erie July 7, 1849 J. H. BURTON'S.

SILVER WORK.—Silver Spoons, Ladles, Tongs, Scoops, Butter Knives, &c.! constantly on hand and *Manufactured by the subscribers, not in the Nutmeg State, but in Erie,* and warranted the standard of dollars. Comparison of style in this branch particularly invited.
Also, Threaded Spoons and Forks from New York Manufactory, all of good silver.
G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie July 7.

Live Geese Feathers Wanted.
THE highest market rate will be paid for live Geese Feathers at the store of R. A. BAKER.
Sept 1. Cheapside, Erie.

FEVER & AGUE

Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Intermittent & Remittent Fevers & all the various forms of Bilious Diseases
SPEEDILY & THOROUGHLY CURED
BY DR. OSGOOD'S India Cholagogue

DR. OSGOOD'S
INDIA CHOLAGOGUE.

THIS excellent compound was the result of long medical experience in a bilious climate, and it is believed that the great object has been accomplished of presenting the public with a remedy for a Fever and Ague, on which they can rely for a speedy and certain cure.

It is a combination of *vegetable* substances and warranted free from Mineral poisons of every description. It has a healing power upon broken constitutions, always leaving the system in a more sound and healthy condition. It is a prominent feature of the Cholagogue that it never injures the most delicate constitution. A few days even will satisfy the most incredulous of its great efficacy in building up the spirits and restoring the energy and vigor of health.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL!!

Extract of a communication from A. W. Miller, the proprietor's Agent at Elizabethtown, N. J.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., June 23, 1849.

DR. CHARLES OSGOOD,

Dear Sir:—I have but three bottles left of your *India Cholagogue,* having sold almost a gross within the past few months, and have yet to hear of the first instance of its failing to cure. One man said he had within a year or two past paid more than $50 for Fever and Ague medicine, which had done him no good—but that two bottles of the Cholagogue had cured him.

I know of a number of instances, when one bottle cured three or four persons who were severely afflicted with the same disease.

* * * * * * *

Our most eminent Physicians now use it and recommend it, having become satisfied of its inestimable value, and that it is free from quackery. Yours, respectfully, A. W. MILLER.

CAUTION.

Guard against imitations. Be sure you obtain DR. OSGOOD'S *India Cholagogue,* and you are safe.
For sale by J. H. Burton, Wholesale and Retail Agent, Erie.
Erie, August 4, 1849. 4m12

NEW CONCERN—WOOL WOOL.
MILLCREEK WOOLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named establishment, would announce to Wool Growers and the public in general, that he has had all of his Machinery thoroughly repaired, and having employed experienced workmen in all the different branches of the business, he is now prepared to Manufacture Wool with neatness and dispatch, into the following articles namely:—Plain Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Blankets, &c. He is also prepared to manufacture

WATER PROOF CLOTH,

which is far superior to Oil Cloth for Over Coats.

☞ Custom Carding, Cloth Dressing and Spinning done on short notice. All kinds of the Country Produce taken for work, and a liberal discount made for cash. Friends and the public generally are invited to give him a call, and he assures them that all the improvements that he has made are onward. Being determined to keep up with the improvements of the age, he hopes to be sustained in his efforts.
CYRUS REED,
Formerly, George Hill's Factory.
Millcreek, May 6—6m 51

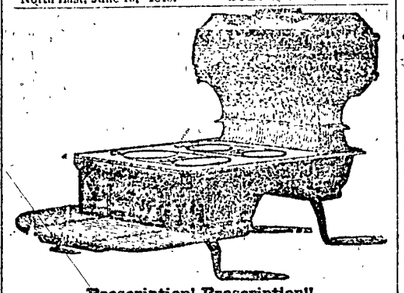
Fresh Family Groceries, Wholesale and Retail

A KING respectfully begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Cash customers for their liberal patronage, and to state that he has just received from New York and Pittsburgh a large quantity and variety of Fresh Groceries, selected with care, consisting of

Teas	Candles	Pitch	Forks
Coffee	Tobacco	Tar	Scythes
Fruits	Oils	Rosin	Snaths
Spices	Rice	Oakum	Nails
Nuts	Mackerel	Rakes	Rope
Molasses	Codfish	Spades	Bagging
Sugars	Mats	Shovels	Hoes, &c., &c.

And a large, full and complete assortment of every thing in the Grocery line, to which he invites the attention of those wishing to purchase, as these Groceries were bought low and will be sold very low for Cash or ready pay, but positively no trust—Remember King's, No. 2 Fleming Block.
Erie, June 2, 1849.

North East Woolen Factory.
7000 YARDS of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, Yarns now ready to be exchanged for wool at the following rates: For plain full cloth, one yard for 2¼ lbs. of wool; Cassimeres 2½ lbs., to the yard. We will also manufacture during the season, Black, Brown, Steel-mixed cloth at 22 cts. per yard, Cassimeres of the same colors at 30 cts. and white flannel at 18 and 23 cts. per yard.
North East, June 10, 1848. STEVENS & JOWETT.



Proscription! Proscription!!

THE above is at this day by far the most general cry throughout our land. Scarce any one escapes its odium. Even Gen. Taylor, that great and good man, is frequently accused of it. He, however, as often denies the charge as it is made, and boldly asserts that he "removes for cause only."
The Subscribers have quite recently got out a NEW STOVE on the elevated oven principle, which they call the KEYSTONE COOKING STOVE. Said Stove is so decided an improvement on all and every Stove heretofore made (having so many good qualities others are void of) that those engaged in the manufacture of a much inferior article have taken it from us, and at once raised the cry of proscription, and expect by this to escape a general route. Such cry, however is a useless waste of the raw material. The edict has been issued—community claim the right to select the best Stove out! Hence the Keystone Stove must supercede and remove all others, including Sennett's Patent. The verdict, however, will be "Removed for cause only!" so we stand in a position similar to General Taylor, and are justified so shall we be.
A good assortment of other COOKING STOVES, including the celebrated Carpenter Stove, as well as the Genesee Farmer and Clinton Air-tight Cook Stoves, Air-tight Parlor and Box Stoves—also Cauldron and Sugar kettles of different sizes constantly on hand. In fact no better assortment of CASTINGS can be found elsewhere.
The attention of the public is also called to M'Millen's Improved PLOW—a new article, with cast-iron beam, manufactured by us and warranted.
☞ Steam